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Cooper. J. F.

THE

BEE-HUNTER;

OR,

THE OAK OPENINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE PIONEERS," "LAST OF THE MOHICANS,"
"PATHFINDER," "DEERSLAYER,"
ETC., ETC.

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There have been tears from holier eyes than mine
Pour'd o'er thee, Zion! yea, the Son of Man
This thy devoted hour foresaw, and wept.——MILMAN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

1

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THE BEE-HUNTER;

OR,

OAK OPENINGS.

CHAPTER I.

There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore;
Thou art the shelter of the free;
The home, the port of liberty
Thou hast been, and shall ever be
'Till time is o'er.
Ere I forget to think upon
My land, shall mother curse the son
She bore.

PERCIVAL.

THE independent, not to say controlling, manner of Peter, would seem to put all remonstrances and arguments at defiance. Le Bourdon soon had occasion to see that both the missionary and the

corporal submitted to his wishes, and that there was no use in gainsaying anything he proposed. In all matters he did as he pleased; his two companions submitting to his will as completely as if one of them had seen in this supposed child of Israel, Joshua, the son of Nun, and the other even Aaron, the high priest, himself.

Peter's preparations were soon made. Everything belonging to the missionary and the corporal was removed from the canoe, which then contained only the extra clothing and the special property of the Indian himself. As soon as ready, the latter quietly and fearlessly paddled away, his canoe going easily and swiftly down before the wind. He had no sooner got clear of the rice, than the Bee-hunter and Margery ran away to the eminence, to watch his movements, and to note his reception among the Pottawattamies. Leaving them there, we shall accompany the canoe, in its progress towards the northern shore.

At first, Peter paddled quietly on, as if he had no other object before him than the passage of the river. When quite clear of the rice, however, he ceased, and undid his bundle of clothes, which were carefully put away in the knapsack of a sol-

dier. From this repository of his effects, the chief carefully drew forth a small bundle, on opening which, no less than seven fresh human scalps appeared. These he arranged, in order, on a wand-like pole, when, satisfied with the arrangement, he resumed the paddle. It was apparent, from the first, that the Pottawattamies on the north shore had seen the strange canoe when it entered the river, and they now collected in a group at the ordinary landing beneath the *chienté*, to await its approach. Peter ceased his own exertions, as soon as he had got within a hundred yards of the beach, took the scalp-pole in his hand, arose, and permitted the canoe to drift down before the wind, certain it would take the desired direction from the circumstance of his having placed it precisely to windward of the landing. Once or twice he slowly waved the pole in a way to draw attention to the scalps, which were suspended from its end, each obvious and distinct from its companions.

Napoleon, when he returned from the campaign of Austerlitz; or Wellington, when he entered the House of Commons to receive the thanks of its speaker, on his return from Spain; or the chief of all the battles of the Rio Bravo del Norte; or him

of the valley of Mexico, whose exploits fairly rival those of Cortes himself, could scarcely be a subject of greater interest to a body of spectators, assembled to do him honour, than was this well-known Indian, as he drew near to the Pottawattamies, waving his scalps in significant triumph! Glory, as the homage paid by man to military renown is termed, was the common impulse with them all. It is true, that, measured by the standards of reason and right, the wise and just might find motives for appreciating the victories of those named differently from the manner in which they are usually regarded through the atmosphere of success; but in the common mind it was all glory alike. The name of "Onoah" passed in murmurs of admiration from mouth to mouth; for as it appeared, the person of this renowned Indian was recognized by many on the shore, sometime ere he reached it himself.

Crowsfeather and the other chiefs, advanced to meet the visitor; the young men standing in the background, in respectful admiration. Peter now stepped from the canoe, and greeted each of the principal men with the courteous gravity of a savage. He shook hands with each,

calling one or two by name, a proof of the parties having met before; then the following dialogue occurred. All spoke in the tongue of the Pottawattamies, but as we have had occasion to remark on previous occasions, it is to be presumed that the reader would scarcely be able to understand what was said, were we to record it, word for word, in the language in which it was uttered. In consequence of this difficulty, and for other reasons to which it may not be necessary to allude, we shall endeavour to translate that which passed, as closely as the English idioms will permit us so to do.

"My father is very welcome!" exclaimed Crowsfeather, who, by many degrees, exceeded all his companions in consideration and rank. "I see he has taken many scalps, as is his practice, and that the pale-faces are daily getting to be fewer. Will the sun ever rise on that day when their wigwams will look like the branches of the oak in winter? Can my father give us any hope of seeing that hour?"

"It is a long path from the salt-lake out of which the sun rises, to that other salt-lake in which it hides itself at night. The sun sleeps each

night beneath water, but it is so hot, that it is soon dried when it comes out of its bed in the morning. This is the Great Spirit's doings, and not ours. The sun is *his* sun; the Indians can warm themselves by it, but they cannot shorten its journey a single tomahawk-handle's length. The same is true of time; it belongs to the Manitou, who will lengthen or shorten it, as he may see fit. We are his children, and it is our duty to submit. He has not forgotten us. He made us with his own hand, and will no more turn us out of the land than a father will turn his child from the wigwam."

"We hope this is so; but it does not *seem* thus to our poor weak eyes, Onoah. We count the pale faces, and every summer they grow fast as the grass on the prairies. We can see more when the leaf falls than when the tree is in bud; and, then, more when the leaf is in bud than when it falls. A few moons will put a town where the pine stood, and wigwams drive the wolves from their homes. In a few years we shall have nothing but dogs to eat, if the pale-face dogs do not eat us."

"Squaws are impatient, but men know how

to wait. This land was given to the red man by the Great Spirit, as I have often told you, my children; if he has let in the pale-faces for a few winters, it is to punish us for having done wrong. Now that we are sorry for what we have done, he will help us to drive away the strangers, and give us the woods again to hunt in by ourselves. Have not messengers from our Great Father in Montreal been among the Pottawattamies to strengthen their hearts?"

"They are always whispering in the ears of our tribes. I cannot remember the time when whisperers from Montreal have not been among us. Their blankets are warm, their fire-water is strong, their powder is good, and their rifles shoot well; but all this does not stop the children of Uncle Sam from being more at night than they were in the morning. The red men get tired of counting them. They have become plentier than the pigeons in the spring. My father has taken many of their scalps, but the hair must grow after his knife, their scalps are still so many."

"See!" rejoined Peter, lowering his pole so that all might examine his revolting trophies,

"these come from the soldiers at the head of the lake. Blackbird was there with his young men; no one of them all got as many scalps! This is the way to stop the white pigeons from flying over us in such flocks as to hide and darken the sun."

Another murmur of admiration passed through the crowd, as each young warrior bent forward to count the number of the scalps, and to note, by signs familiar to themselves, the ages, sex, and condition of the different victims. Here was another, among a hundred others of which they had heard, of the prowess of the mysterious Onoah, as well as of his inextinguishable hatred of the race that was slowly, but unerringly, supplanting the ancient stock, causing the places that once knew the people of their tribes "to know them no more." As soon as this little burst of feeling had subsided, the conversation went on.

"We have had a pale-faced medicine-man among us, Onoah," continued Crowsfeather, "and he has so far blinded us that we know not what to think."

The chief then recounted the leading events of the visit of the Bee-hunter to the place, stating each occurrence fairly, as he understood it, and as

fairly confessing that even the chiefs were at a loss to know what to make of the affair. In addition to this account, he gave the mysterious Onoah the history of the prisoner they had taken, the death of Elksfoot, their intention to torture that very morning the Chippewa they had captured, and his flight, together with the loss of their young man, and the subsequent escape of their unknown enemies, who had taken away all of their own canoes. How far the medicine-man had anything to do with the other events of his narrative, Crowsfeather very candidly admitted he could not even conjecture. He was still at a loss whether to set down the conjurer for a pretender or as a real oracle. Peter, however, was less credulous even than the chiefs. He had his superstitious notions, like all uneducated men, but a clear head and quick intellect placed him far above the weaknesses of the red men in general. On receiving a description of the person of the unknown "medicine-man," he at once recognised the Bee-hunter. With an Indian to describe and an Indian to interpret or apply, escape from discovery was next to impossible.

Although Onoah, or the "Tribeless," as he was

also frequently called by the red men, from the circumstance of no one's knowing to what particular section of the great Indian family he belonged, perfectly understood that the Bee-hunter he had seen on the other shore was the individual who had been playing the part of a conjuror among these Pottawattamies, he was very careful not to reveal the fact to Crowsfeather. He had his own policy, and was fully aware of all the virtue there is in mystery and reserve. With an an Indian these qualities go farther even than with a white man; and we of the Circassian race are not entirely exempt from the folly of being deceived by appearances. On the present occasion Peter kept his knowledge to himself, still leaving his red brethren in doubt and uncertainity; but he took care to be right in his own opinions by putting as many questions as were necessary for that purpose. Once assured of his fact, he turned to other subjects of even greater interest to himself and his companions.

The conference which now took place between the "Tribeless" and Crowsfeather was held apart, both being chiefs of too much importance to be intruded on at a moment like that. The two

chiefs exhibited a very characteristic picture while engaged in this conference. They seated themselves on a bank, and drawing their legs partially under them, sat face to face, with their heads less than two feet asunder, occasionally gesticulating with dignity, but each speaking in his turn with studied decorum. Crowsfeather was highly painted, and looked fierce and warlike, but Onoah had nothing extraordinary about him, with the exception of the decorations and dress already described, unless it might be his remarkable countenance. The face of this Indian ordinarily wore a thoughtful cast, an expression which it is not unusual to meet with in a savage; though at times it lighted up, as it might be with the heat of inward fires, like the crater giving out its occasional flames beneath the hues of a saddened atmosphere. One accustomed to study the human face, and to analyze its expressions, would possibly have discovered in that countenance lines of deep artifice, together with the traces of a profound and constitutional enthusiasm. He was bent, at that very moment, on a scene worthy of the loftiest spirit living; the regeneration and

union of the people of his race, with the view to recover the possessions they had yielded to the pale-faces; but it was a project blended with the ferocity and revenge of a savage—noble while ferocious.

Not idly had the whites, scattered along that frontier, given the sobriquet of "Scalping" to Peter. As his pole now showed, it had been earned in a hundred scenes of bloody vengeance; and so great had been his success, that the warrior, prophet, and councillor, for all these characteristics were united in his single person, began to think the attainment of his wishes possible. As a matter of course, much ignorance of the power of the Anglo-Saxon race on this continent was blended with these opinions and hopes; but it was scarcely an ignorance exceeding that of certain persons of far higher pretensions in knowledge, who live in another hemisphere, and who often set themselves up as infallible judges of all things connected with man and his attributes. Peter, the "Tribeless," was not more in fault than those who fancied they saw the power of this great Republic in the gallant

little band collected at Corpus Christi, under its indomitable chief, and who, march by march—nay, foot by foot, as it may be—have perseveringly predicted the halt, the defeat, the disasters, and final discomfiture which it has not yet pleased Divine Providence to inflict on this slight effort of the young Hercules, as he merely moves in his cradle. Alas! the enemy that most menaces the overthrow of this new and otherwise invincible exhibition of human force, is within; seated in the citadel itself; and must be narrowly watched, or he will act his malignant purpose, and destroy the fairest hopes that ever yet dawned on the fortunes of the human race!

The conference between the two chiefs lasted fully an hour. Crowsfeather possessed much of the confidence of Peter, and as for Onoah, neither Tecumthe nor his brother, the prophet, commanded as much of the respect of Crowsfeather as he did himself. Some even whispered that the "Tribeless" was the individual who lay behind all, and that the others named merely acted as he suggested or advised. The reader will obtain all the insight into the future that it is necessary now to give him, by getting a few of the remarks

made by the two colloquists, just before they joined the rest of the party.

"My father, then, intends to lead his pale-faces on a crooked path, and take their scalps when he has done with them," said Crowsfeather, who had been gravely listening to Peter's plans of future proceeding; "but who is to get the scalp of the Chippewa?"

"One of my Pottawattamie young men; but not until I have made use of him. I have a medicine-priest of the pale-faces and a warrior with me, but shall not put their scalps on my pole until they have paddled me further. The council is to be first held in the Oak Openings"—we translate this term freely, that used by Peter meaning rather "the open woods of the prairies"—"and I wish to show my prisoners to the chief, that they may see how easy it is to cut off all the Yankees. I have now four men of that people, and two squaws in my power; let every red man destroy as many, and the land will soon be clear of them all!"

This was uttered with gleamings of ferocity in the speaker's face; that rendered his countenance terrible. Even Crowsfeather quailed a little be-

fore that fierce aspect; but the whole passed away almost as soon as betrayed, and was succeeded by a friendly and deceptive smile, that was characteristic of the wily Asiatic rather than of the aboriginal American.

"They cannot be counted," returned the Pottawattamie chief, as soon as his restraint was a little removed by this less terrific aspect of his companion, "if all I hear is true. Blackbird says that even the squaws of the pale-faces are numerous enough to overcome all the red men that remain."

"There will be two less, when I fasten to my pole the scalps of those on the other side of the river," answered Peter, with another of his transient, but startling, gleams of intense revenge. "But no matter, now: my brother knows all I wish him to do. Not a hair of the head of any of these pale-faces must be touched by any hand but mine. When the time comes, the knife of Onoah is sure. The Pottawattamies shall have their canoes, and can follow us up the river. They will find us in the Openings, and near the Prairie Round. They know the spot; for the red men love to hunt the deer in that region. Now, go and tell this to your young men; and tell them

that corn will not grow nor the deer wait to be killed by any of your people, if they forget to do as I have said. Vengeance shall come when it is time."

Crowsfeather communicated all this to his warriors, who received it as the ancients received the words of their oracles. Each member of the party endeavoured to get an accurate notion of his duty, in order that he might comply to the very letter with the injunctions received. So profound was the impression made among all the red men of the North-west by the previous labours of the "Tribeless," to awaken a national spirit, and so great was their dread of the consequences of disobedience, that every warrior present felt as if his life were the threatened penalty of neglect or disinclination to obey.

No sooner, however, had Crowsfeather got through with his communication, than a general request was made that the problem of the whiskey-spring might be referred to Onoah for solution. The young men had strong hopes, notwithstanding all that had passed, that this spring might yet turn out to be a reality. The scent was still there, strong and fragrant, and they

could not get rid of the notion that "fire-water" grew on that spot. It is true, their faith had been somewhat disturbed by the manner in which the medicine-man had left them, and by his failure to draw forth the gushing stream which he had impliedly promised, and in a small degree performed; nevertheless, little pools of whiskey had been found on the rock, and several had tasted and satisfied themselves of the quality of the liquor. As is usual, that taste had created a desire for more, a desire that seldom slumbered on an Indian palate when strong drinks were connected with its gratification.

Peter heard the request with gravity, and consented to look into the matter with a due regard to his popularity and influence. He had his own superstitious views, but among them there did not happen to be one which admitted the possibility of whiskey's running in a stream from the living rock. Still he was willing to examine the charmed spot, scent the fragrant odour, and make up his own estimate of the artifices by which the Bee-hunter had been practising on the untutored beings into whose hands chance had thrown him.

While the young men eagerly pointed out the

precise spots where the scent was the strongest, Peter maintained the most unmoved gravity. He did not kneel to smell the rocks, like the other chiefs, for this an innate sense of propriety told him would be undignified; but he made his observations closely, and with a keen Indian-like attention to every little circumstance that might aid him in arriving at the truth. All this time, great was the awe and deep the admiration of the lookers-on. Onoah had succeeded in creating a moral power for himself among the Indians of the North-west which much exceeded that of any other red man of that region. The whites scarcely heard of him, knew but little of his career, and less of his true character, for both were shrouded in mystery. There is nothing remarkable in this ignorance of the pale-faces of the time. They did not understand their own leaders; much less the leaders of the children of the openings, the prairies, and the forest. At this hour, what is really known by the mass of the American people of the true characters of their public men? No nation that has any claim to civilization and publicity knows less, and for several very obvious reasons. The want of a capital in which the

intelligence of the nation periodically assembles, and whence a corrected public opinion on all such matters ought constantly to flow, as truth emanates from the collisions of minds, is one of these reasons. The extent of the country, which separates men by distances that no fact can travel over without incurring the dangers of being perverted on the road, is another. But the most fatal of all the influences that tend to mislead the judgment of the American citizen, is to be found in the abuse of a machinery that was intended to produce an exactly contrary effect. If the tongue was given to man to communicate ideas to his fellows, so has philosophy described it as "a gift to conceal his thoughts." If the press was devised to circulate truth, so has it been changed into a means of circulating lies. One is easily, nay, more easily, sent abroad on the four winds of the heavens than the other. Truth requires candour, impartiality, honesty, research, and industry; but a falsehood, whether designed or not, stands in need of neither. Of that which is the most easily produced, the country gets the most; and it were idle to imagine that a people who blindly and unresistingly submit to be put, as it

might be, under the feet of falsehood, as respects all their own public men, can ever get very accurate notions of those of other nations.

Thus was it with Onoah. His name was unknown to the whites, except as a terrible and much-dreaded avenger of the wrongs of his race. With the red men it was very different. They had no "forked tongues" to make falsehood take the place of truth; or if such existed, they were not believed. The Pottawattamies now present knew all about Tecumseh*, of whom the whites had also various and ample accounts. This Shawanee chief had long been active among them, and his influence was extended far and near. He was a bold, restless, and ingenious warrior; one, perhaps, who better understood the art of war, as it was practised among red men, than any Indian then living. They knew the name and person, also, of his brother Elkswatawa†, or the Prophet, whose name has also become incorporated with the histories of the times. These two chiefs were very powerful, though scarce dwelling regularly in any tribe;

* A "tiger stooping for his prey."

† "A door opened."

but their origin, their careers, and their characters were known to all, as were those of their common father, Pukeesheno*, and their mother, Meethetaske†. But with Onoah it was very different. With him the past was as much of a mystery as the future. No Indian could say even of what tribe he was born. The totem that he bore on his person belonged to no people then existing on the continent, and all connected with him, his history, nation, and family, was conjecture and fancy.

It is said that the Indians have traditions which are communicated only to a favoured few, and which by them have been transmitted from generation to generation. An enlightened and educated red man has quite recently told us in person, that *he* had been made the repository of some of these traditions, and that he had thus obtained enough of the history of his race to be satisfied that they were *not* derived from the lost tribes of Israel, though he declined communicating any more. It is so natural to resort to secresy in order to extend influence, that we can have no

* "I light from flying."
† "A turtle laying her eggs in the sand."

difficulty in believing the existence of the practice; there probably being no other reason why Free Masonry or Odd Fellowship should have recourse to such an expedient, but to rule through the imagination in preference to the judgment. Now Peter enjoyed all the advantages of mystery. It was said that even his real name was unknown, that of Onoah having been given in token of the many scalps he took, and that of Wa-wa-nosh, which he also sometimes bore, having been bestowed on him by adoption in consequence of an act of favour extended to him from an Ojebway of some note, while that of Peter was clearly derived from the whites. Some of his greatest admirers whispered that when the true name of the "Tribeless" should get to be known, his origin, early career, and all relating to him would at once become familiar to every red man. At present, the Indians must rest content with what they saw and understood. The wisdom of Wa-wa-nosh made itself felt in the councils; his eloquence, no speaker had equalled for ages; as for his vengeance on the enemies of his race, *that* was to be estimated by the scalps he had taken. More than this, no Indian was to be permitted to

know, until the mission of this oracle and chief was completed.

Had one enlightened by the education of a civilized man been there, to watch the movements and countenance of Peter as he scented the whiskey, and looked in vain for the cause of the odour, and for a clue to the mystery which so much perplexed the Pottawattamies, he would probably have discovered some reason to distrust the sincerity of this remarkable savage's doubts. If ever Peter was an actor, it was on that occasion. He did not, in the least, fall into any of the errors of his companions; but the scent a good deal confounded him at first. At length he came to the natural conclusion, that this unusual odour was in some way connected with the family he had left on the other shore; and from that moment his mind was at ease.

It did not suit the views of Peter, however, to explain to the Pottawattamies that which was now getting to be so obvious to himself. On the contrary, he rather threw dust in the eyes of the chiefs, with a view to bring them also under the influence of superstition. After making his observations with unmoved gravity, he promised a solu-

tion of the whole affair when they should again meet in the openings, and proposed to re-cross the river. Before quitting the shore, Peter and Crowsfeather had a clear understanding on the subject of their respective movements; and, as soon as the former began to paddle up against the wind, the latter called his young men together, made a short address, and led them into the woods, as if about to proceed on a march of length. The party, notwithstanding, did not proceed more than a mile and a half, when it came to a halt, and lighted a fire in order to cook some venison taken on the way.

When Peter reached the south shore, he found the whole group assembled to receive him. His tale was soon told. He had talked with the Pottawattamies, and they were gone. The canoes, however, must be carried to the other shore and left there, in order that their owners might recover their property when they returned. This much had Peter promised, and his pale-face friends must help him to keep his word. Then he pointed to the openings as to their place of present safety. There they would be removed from all immediate danger, and he would accompany

them, and give them the countenance and protection of his name and presence. As for going south on the lake, that was impossible, so long as the wind lasted, and it was useless even could it be done. The troops had all left Chicago, and the fort was destroyed.

Parson Amen and Corporal Flint, both of whom were completely deluded by Peter, fancying him a secret friend of the whites, in consequence of his own protestations to that effect and the service he had already rendered them, in appearance at least, instantly acquiesced in this wily savage's proposal. It was the best, the wisest, nay, the only thing that now could be done. Mackinaw was gone, as well as Chicago, and Detroit must be reached by crossing the peninsula, instead of taking the easier, but far more circuitous route of the lakes. Gershom was easily enough persuaded into the belief of the feasibility, as well as of the necessity, of this deviation from his original road, and he soon agreed to accompany the party.

With le Bourdon the case was different. He understood himself and the wilderness. For him the wind was fair, and there was no necessity for

his touching at Mackinaw at all. It is true, he usually passed several days on that pleasant and salubrious island, and frequently disposed of lots of honey there; but he could dispense with the visit and the sales. There was certainly danger now to be apprehended from the Ottawas, who would be very apt to be out on the lake after this maritime excursion against the fort; but it was possible even to elude their vigilance. In a word, the Bee-hunter did not believe in the prudence of returning to the openings, but thought it by far the wisest for the whole party to make the best of its way by water to the settlements. All this he urged warmly on his white companions, taking them aside for that purpose, and leaving Peter and Pigeonswing together while he did so.

But Parson Amen would as soon have believed that his old congregation in Connecticut was composed of Philistines, as not to believe that the red men were the lost tribes, and that Peter, in particular, was not especially and elaborately described in the Old Testament. He had become so thoroughly possessed by this crotchet, as to pervert everything that he saw, read, or heard into evidence, of some sort or other, of the truth of

his notions. In this respect there was nothing peculiar in the good missionary's weakness, it being a failing common to partisans of a theory to discover proofs of its truth in a thousand things in which indifferent persons can find even no connection with the subject at all. In this frame of mind the missionary would as soon think of letting go his hold on the Bible itself, as think of separating from an Indian who might turn out any day to be a direct representative of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob. Not to speak irreverently, but to use language that must be familiar to all, the well-meaning missionary wished to be in at the death.

Corporal Flint, too, had great faith in Peter. It was a part of the scheme of the savage to make this straightforward soldier an instrument in placing many scalps in his power; and though he had designed from the first to execute his bloody office on the corporal himself, he did not intend to do so until he had made the most of him as a stool-pigeon. Here were four more pale-faces thrown in his power, principally by means of the confidence he had awakened in the minds of the

missionary and the soldier; and that same confidence might be made instrumental in adding still more to the number. Peter was a sagacious, even a far-seeing savage, but he laboured under the curse of ignorance. Had his information been of a more extended nature, he would have seen the utter fallacy of his project to destroy the pale-faces altogether, and most probably would have abandoned it.

It is a singular fact that, while such men as Tecumthe, his brother the Prophet, and Peter, were looking forward to the downfall of the republic on the side of the forest, so many, who ought to have been better informed on such a subject, were anxiously expecting, nay confidently *predicting* it, from beyond the Atlantic. Notwithstanding these sinister soothsayers, the progress of the nation has, by the aid of a beneficent Providence, been onward and onward, until it is scarcely presumptuous to suppose that even England has abandoned the expectation of classing this country among her dependencies. The fortunes of America, under God, depend only on herself. America *may* destroy America; of that

there *is* danger; but it is pretty certain that Europe united could make no serious impression on her. Favoured by position, and filled with a population that we have ever maintained was one of the most military in existence, a truth that recent events are hourly proving to be true, it much exceeds the power of all the enemies of her institutions to make any serious impression on her. There is an enemy who may prove too much for her; it exists in her bosom; and God alone can keep him in subjection, and repress his desolation.

These were facts, however, of which Wa-wa-nosh, or Onoah, was as ignorant as if he were an English or a French minister of State, and had got his notions of the country from English or French travellers, who *wished* for what they *predicted.* He had heard of the towns and population of the republic; but one gets a very imperfect notion of any fact of this sort by report, unless previous experience has prepared the mind to make the necessary comparisons, and fitted it to receive the images intended to be conveyed. No wonder, then, that Peter fell into a mistake com-

mon to those who had so many better opportunities of forming just opinions, and of arriving at truths that were sufficiently obvious to all who did not wilfully shut their eyes to their existence.

CHAPTER II.

Hearest thou voices on the shore
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

Bear, through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

LONGFELLOW.

FROM all that has been stated, the reader will, probably, be prepared to learn that Boden did not succeed in his effort to persuade Gershom, and the other *Christians*, to accompany him on his voyage round by Lake Huron. Corporal Flint was obdurate, and Parson Amen confiding. As for Gershom, he did not like the thought of retracing his steps so soon, and the females were obliged to remain with the husband and brother.

"You had better get out of the river while all the canoes are on this side," said Margery, as she

and le Bourdon walked towards the boats in company, the council having ended, and everything beginning to assume the appearance of action. "Remember, you will be quite alone, and have a long, long road to travel!"

"I do remember all this, Margery, and see the necessity for all of us getting back to the settlements, as fast as we can. I don't half like this Peter; his name is a bad one in the garrisons, and it makes me miserable to think that you may be in his power."

"The missionary and the corporal, as well as my brother, seem willing to trust him—what can two females do, when their male protector has made up his mind, in such a matter?"

"One who would very gladly be *your* protector, pretty Margery, has not made up his mind to the prudence of trusting Peter, at all. Put yourself under my care, and my life shall be lost, or I will carry you safe to your friends in Detroit."

This might be deemed tolerably explicit; yet was it not sufficiently so to satisfy female scruples, or female rights. Margery blushed, and she looked down, while she did not look absolutely displeased. But her answer was given firmly,

and with a promptitude that showed she was quite in earnest.

"I cannot quit Dorothy, placed as she is—and it is my duty to die with brother," she said.

"Have you thought enough of this, Margery? may not reflection change your mind?"

"This is a duty on which a girl is not called to reflect; she must *feel*, in a matter of conscience."

The Bee-hunter fairly sighed, and from a very resolute, he became a very irresolute sort of person. As was natural to one in his situation, he let out the secret current his thoughts had taken, in the remarks which followed.

"I do not like the manner in which Peter and Pigeonswing are now talking together," he said. "When an Injin is so earnest, there is generally mischief brewing. Do you see Peter's manner?"

"He seems to be telling the young warrior something that makes both forget themselves. I never saw two men who seem so completely to forget all the rest of the world, as them two savages! What can be the meaning, Bourdon, of so much fierce earnestness?"

"I would give the world to know—possibly

the Chippewa may tell me. We understand each other tolerably well, and, just as you spoke, he gave me a secret sign that I have a right to think means confidence and friendship. That savage is either a fast friend, or a thorough villain."

"Is it safe to trust any of them, Bourdon?—No—no—your best way will be to go down the lakes, and get back to Detroit as soon as you can. Not only your property, but your *life* is at risk."

"Go, and leave you here, Margery—here, with a brother whose failing you know as well as I do, and who may, at any moment, fall back into his old ways! I should not be a man to do it!"

"But brother can get no liquor, now, for it is all emptied. When himself for a few days, Gershom is a good protector, as well as a good provider. You must not judge brother too harshly, from what you have seen of him, Bourdon."

"I do not wish to judge him at all, Margery. We all have our failin's, and whiskey is his. I dare say mine are quite as bad, in some other way. It's enough for me, Margery, that Gershom is *your* brother, to cause me to try to think well of him. We must not trust to there being no

more liquor among us; for, if that so'ger is altogether without his rations, he's the first so'ger I ever met who was!"

"But this corporal is a friend of the minister, and ministers ought not to drink!"

"Ministers are like other men, as them that live much among 'em will soon find out. Howsever, if you *will* stay, Margery, there is no more to be said. I must *cache** my honey, and get the canoe ready to go up stream again. Where you go, Margery, I go too, unless you tell me that you do not wish my company."

This was said quietly, but in the manner of one whose mind was made up. Margery scarce knew how to take it. That she was secretly delighted, cannot be denied; while, at the same time, that she felt a generous and lively concern for the fortunes of le Bourdon, is quite as certain. As Gershom just then called to her to lend her assistance in preparing to embark, she had no leisure for expostulation, nor do we know that she now seriously wished to divert the Bee-hunter from his purpose.

* A western term, obviously derived from *cacher*, to conceal. *Cache* is much used by the Western adventurers.

It was soon understood by every one that the river was to be crossed, in order that Gershom might get his household effects, previously to ascending the Kalamazoo. This set all at work but the Chippewa, who appeared to le Bourdon to be watchful and full of distrust. As the latter had a job before him that would be likely to consume a couple of hours, the others were ready for a start long before he had his hole dug. It was therefore arranged that the Bee-hunter should complete his task, while the others crossed the stream, and went in quest of Gershom's scanty stock of household goods. Pigeonswing, however, was not to be found, when the canoes were ready, and Peter proceeded without him. Nor did le Bourdon see anything of his friend until the adventurers were fairly on the north shore, when he rejoined le Bourdon, sitting on a log, a curious spectator of the latter's devices to conceal his property, but not offering to aid him in a single movement. The Bee-hunter too well understood an Indian warrior's aversion to labour of all sorts, unless it be connected with his military achievements, to be surprised at his companion's indifference to his own toil. As the work went

on, a friendly dialogue was kept up between the parties.

"I didn't know, Pigeonswing, but you had started for the openings, before us," observed le Bourdon. "That tribeless old Injin made something of a fuss about your being out of the way; I dare say he wanted you to help back the furniture down to the canoes."

"Got squaw—what he want better to do dat."

"So you would put that pretty piece of work on such persons as Margery and Dolly!"

"Why not, no? Bot' squaw—bot' know how. Dere business to work for warrior."

"Did you keep out of the way, then, lest old Peter should get you at a job that is onsuitable to your manhood?"

"Keep out of way of Pottawattamie," returned the Chippewa; "no want to lose scalp—radder take his'n."

"But Peter says the Pottawattamies are all gone, and that we have no longer any reason to fear them; and this medicine-priest tells us, that what Peter says we can depend on for truth."

"Dat good medicine-man, eh? T'ink he know a great, great deal, eh?"

"That is more than I can tell you, Pigeonswing; for, though I've been a medicine-man myself, so lately, it is in a different line altogether from that of Parson Amen's."

As the Bee-hunter uttered this answer, he was putting the last of his honey-kegs into the *cache*, and as he rose from completing the operation, he laughed heartily, like one who saw images in the occurrences of the past night, that tended to divert himself, if they had not the same effect on the other spectators.

"If you medicine-man, can tell who Peter be? Winnebagoe, Sioux, Fox, Ojebway, Six Nation, all say don't know him. Medicine-man ought to know—who he be, eh?"

"I am not enough of a medicine-man to answer your question, Pigeonswing. Set me at finding a Whiskey Spring, or any little job of that sort, and I'll turn my back to no other Whiskey Spring finder on the whole frontier; but, as for Peter, he goes beyond my calculations, quite. Why is he called *Scalping* Peter in the garrisons, if he be so good an Injin, Chippewa?"

"You ask question—you answer. Don't know, 'less he take a good many scalp. Hear he do take all he can find,—den hear he don't."

"But you take all you can find, Pigeonswing; and that which is good in you, cannot be so bad in Peter."

"Don't take scalp from friend.—When you hear Pigeonswing scalp *friend,* eh?"

"I never did hear it; and hope I never shall. But when did you hear that Peter is so wicked?"

"S'pose he don't, 'cause he got no friend among pale-face. Bes' take care of dat man!"

"I'm of your way of thinking, myself, Chippewa; though the corporal and the priest think him all in all. When I asked Parson Amen how he came to be the associate of one who went by a scalping name, even, he told me it was all *name;* that Peter hadn't touched a hair of a human head, in the way of scalping, since his youth, and that most of his notions was quite Jewish. The parson has almost as much faith in Peter, as he has in his religion; I'm not quite sure he has not even more."

"No matter.—Bes' always for pale-face to trust pale-face, and Injin to trust Injin. Dat most likely to be right."

"Nevertheless, I trust *you,* Pigeonswing; and, hitherto, you have not deceived me!"

The Chippewa cast a glance of so much meaning on the Bee-hunter, that the last was troubled by it. For many a day did le Bourdon remember that look; and painful were the apprehensions to which it gave birth. Until that morning, the intercourse between the two had been of the most confidential character; but something like a fierce hatred was blended in that look. Could it be that the feelings of the Chippewa were changed? and was it possible that Peter was in any way connected with this alteration in looks and sentiments? All these suspicions passed through le Bourdon's mind, as he finished his *cache*; and sufficiently disagreeable did he find it to entertain them. The circumstances, however, did not admit of any change of plan; and, in a few minutes, the two were in the canoe, and on their way to join their companions.

Peter had dealt fairly enough with those who accompanied him. The Pottawattamies were nowhere to be seen, and Gershom led the corporal to the place where his household goods had been secreted, in so much confidence, that both the men left their arms behind them. Such was the state of things when le Bourdon reached the

north shore. The young man was startled, when his eyes first fell on the rifles; but, on looking around, there did not really appear to be any sufficient reason why they might not be laid aside, for a few minutes.

The Bee-hunter, having disposed of all his honey, had now a nearly empty canoe; accordingly, he received a portion of Gershom's effects; all of which were safely transported from their place of concealment to the water-side. Their owner was slowly recovering the use of his body and mind, though still a little dull, from his recent debauch. The females supplied his place, however, in many respects; and two hours after the party had landed, it was ready again to proceed on its journey into the interior. The last article was stowed in one of the canoes, and Gershom announced his willingness to depart.

At this moment, Peter led the Bee-hunter aside, telling his friends, that he would speedily rejoin them. Our hero followed his savage leader along the foot of the declivity, in the rear of the hut, until the former stopped at the place where the first, and principal fire of the past night, had been lighted. Here Peter made a sweeping ges-

ture of his hand, as if to invite his companion to survey the different objects around. As this characteristic gesture was made, the Indian spoke.

"My brother is a medicine-man," he said. "He knows where whiskey grows—let him tell Peter where to find the spring."

The recollection of the scene of the previous night, came so fresh and vividly over the imagination of the Bee-hunter, that, instead of answering the question of the chief, he burst into a hearty fit of laughter. Then, fearful of giving offence, he was about to apologize for a mirth so ill-timed, when the Indian smiled, with a gleam of intelligence on his swarthy face, that seemed to say, "I understand it all," and continued—

"Good—the chief with three eyes"—in allusion to the spy-glass that le Bourdon always carried suspended from his neck—"is a very great medicine-man; he knows when to laugh, and when to look sad. The Pottawattamies were dry, and he wanted to find them some whiskey to drink, but could not—our brother, in the canoe, had drunk it all. Good."

Again the Bee-hunter laughed; and though

Peter did not join in his mirth, it was quite plain that he understood its cause. With this good-natured sort of intelligence between them, the two returned to the canoes; the Bee-hunter always supposing that the Indian had obtained his object, in receiving his indirect admission, that the scene of the previous night had been merely a piece of ingenious jugglery. So much of a courtier, however, was Peter, and so entire his self-command, that on no occasion, afterwards, did he ever make any further allusion to the subject.

The ascent of the river was now commenced. It was not a difficult matter for le Bourdon to persuade Margery, that her brother's canoe would be too heavily loaded for such a passage, unless she consented to quit it for his own. Pigeons-wing took the girl's place, and was of material assistance in forcing the light, but steady craft, up stream. The three others continued in the canoe in which they had entered the river. With this arrangement, therefore, our adventurers commenced this new journey.

Every reader will easily understand, that ascending such a stream as the Kalamazoo was a very different thing from descending it. The progress

was slow, and at many points laborious. At several of the "rifts" it became necessary to "track" the canoes up; and places occurred, at which the only safe way of proceeding was to unload them altogether, and transport boats, cargoes and all, on the shoulders of the men, across what are called, in the language of the country, "portages," or "carrying-places." In such toil as this, the corporal was found to be very serviceable; but neither of the Indians declined to lend their assistance, in work of this manly character. By this time, moreover, Gershom had come round, and was an able-bodied, vigorous assistant, once more. If the corporal was the master of any alcohol, he judiciously kept it a secret; for, not a drop passed any one's lips during the whole of that toilsome journey.

Although the difficult places in the river were sufficiently numerous, most of the reaches were places having steady, but not swift currents towards the lake. In these reaches the paddles, and those not very vigorously applied, enabled the travellers to advance as fast as was desirable; and such tranquil waters were a sort of resting-places to those who managed the canoes. It was

while ascending these easy channels, that conversation most occurred; each speaker yielding, as was natural, to the impulses of the thoughts uppermost in his mind. The missionary talked much of the Jews; and, as the canoes came near each other, he entered at large, with their different occupants, into the reasons he had for believing that the red men of America were the lost tribes of Israel. "The very use of the word 'tribes,'" would this simple-minded, and not very profound expounder of the word of God, say, "is one proof of the truth of what I tell you. Now, no one thinks of dividing the white men of America into 'tribes.' Who ever heard of the 'tribe' of New England, or of the 'tribe' of Virginia, or of the 'tribe' of the Middle States*? Even among

* The reader is not to infer any exaggeration in this picture. There is no end to the ignorance and folly of sects and parties, when religious or political zeal runs high. The writer well remembers to have heard a Universalist, of more zeal than learning, adduce, as an argument in favour of his doctrine, the twenty-fifth chapter and forty-sixth verse of St. Matthew, where, we are told, that the wicked "shall go away into *everlasting* punishment; but the righteous into life *eternal;*" by drawing a distinction between the adjectives; and this so much the more, because the Old Testament speaks of "*everlasting* hills," and "*everlasting* valleys:" thus proving, from the Bible, a substantial difference between

the blacks, there are no tribes. There is a very remarkable passage in the sixty-eighth Psalm, that has greatly struck me, since my mind has turned to this subject; 'God shall wound the *head* of his enemies,' saith the Psalmist, 'and the *hairy scalp* of such a one as goeth on still in his wickedness.' Here is a very obvious allusion to a well-known, and, what we think, a barbarous practice of the red men; but, rely on it, friends, nothing that is permitted on earth is permitted in vain. The attentive reader of the inspired book, by gleaning here and there, can collect together much authority from this new opinion about the lost tribes; and the day will come, I do not doubt, when men will marvel that the truth hath been so long hidden from them. I can scarcely open a chapter, in the Old Testament, that some passage does not strike me as going to prove this identity, between the red men and the Hebrews; and, were they all collected together, and published in a book, mankind would be astonished at their lucidity and weight. As for scalping, it is a horrid

"everlasting" and "eternal." Now, every Sophomore knows, that the word used in Matthew is the same, in both cases, being "αἰώνιον," or "existing for ever."

thing in our eyes, but it is honourable with the red men; and I have quoted to you the words of the Psalmist, in order to show the manner in which Divine wisdom inflicts penalties on sin. Here is plain justification of the practice, provided always that the sufferer be in the bondage of transgression, and obnoxious to Divine censure. Let no man, therefore, in the pride of his learning, and, perhaps, of his prosperity, disdain to believe things that are so manifestly taught and foretold; but let us all bow in humble submission to the will of a Being who, to our finite understanding, is so perfectly incomprehensible."

We trust that not one of our readers will be disposed to deride Parson Amen's speculations on this interesting subject, although this may happen to be the first occasion on which he has ever heard the practice of taking scalps justified by Scripture. Viewed in a proper spirit, they ought merely to convey a lesson of humility, by rendering apparent the wisdom, nay the necessity, of men's keeping themselves within the limits of the sphere of knowledge they were designed to fill, and convey, when rightly considered, as much of a lesson to the Puseyite, with abstractions that

are quite as unintelligible to himself as they are to others; to the high-wrought and dogmatical Calvinist, who, in the midst of his fiery zeal, forgets that love is the only essence of the relation between God and man; to the Quaker, who seems to think the cut of a coat essential to salvation; to the descendant of the Puritan, who, whether, he be Socinian, Calvinist, Universalist, or any other 'ist,' appears to believe that the "rock" on which Christ declared he would found his church was the 'Rock of Plymouth;' and to the unbeliever, who, in deriding all creeds, does not know where to turn to find one to substitute in their stead. Humility, in matters of this sort, is the great lesson that all should teach and learn; for it opens the way to charity, and eventually to faith, and through both of these to hope; finally, through all of these, to heaven.

The journey up the Kalamazoo lasted many days, the ascent being often so painful, and no one seeming in a hurry. Peter waited for the time set for his council to approach, and was as well content to remain in his canoe, as to 'camp out' in the openings. Gershom never was in haste, while the Bee-hunter would have been satisfied to

pass the summer in so pleasant a manner, Margery being seated most of the time in his canoe. In his ordinary excursions, le Bourdon carried the mastiff as a companion; but, now that his place was so much better filled, Hive was suffered to roam the woods that lined most of the river-banks, joining his master from time to time at the portages or landings.

As for the missionary and the corporal, impatience formed no part of their present disposition. The first had been led, by the artful Peter, to expect great results to his theory from the assembly of chiefs which was to meet in the "openings;" and the credulous parson was, in one sense, going as blindly on the path of destruction, as any sinner it had ever been his duty to warn of his fate, was proceeding in the same direction in another. The corporal, too, was the dupe of Peter's artifices. This man had heard so many stories to the Indian's prejudice, at the different posts where he had been stationed, as at first to render him exceedingly averse to making the present journey in his company. The necessity of the case, as connected with the preservation of his own life after the massacre of Fort Dear-

born, and the influence of the missionary, had induced him to overlook his ancient prejudices, and to forget opinions that, it now occurred to him, had been founded in error. Once fairly within the influence of Peter's wiles, a simple-minded soldier, like the corporal, was soon completely made the Indian's dupe. By the time the canoe reached the mouth of the Kalamazoo, as has been related, each of these men placed the most implicit reliance on the good faith and friendly feelings of the very being whose entire life, both sleeping and waking thoughts, were devoted, not only to his destruction, but to that of the whole white race on the American continent. So bland was the manner of this terrible savage, when it comported to his views to conceal his ruthless designs, that persons more practised and observant than either of his two companions might have been its dupes, not to say its victims. While the missionary was completely mystified by his own headlong desire to establish a theory, and to announce to the religious world where the lost tribes were to be found, the corporal had aided in deceiving himself, also, by another process. With *him*, Peter had privately conversed of war, and had insinuated that he was

secretly labouring in behalf of his great father at Washington, and against the other great father down at Montreal. As between the two, Peter professed to lean to the interests of the first; though, had he laid bare his inmost soul, a fiery hatred of each would have been found to be its predominant feeling. But Corporal Flint fondly fancied he was making a concealed march with an ally, while he thus accompanied one of the fiercest enemies of his race.

Peter is not to be judged too harshly. It is always respectable to defend the fireside, and the land of one's nativity, although the cause connected with it may be sometimes wrong. This Indian knew nothing of the principles of colonization, and had no conception that any other than its original owners—original so far as his traditions reached— could have a right to his own hunting-grounds. Of the slow but certain steps by which an overruling Providence is extending a knowledge of the true God, and of the great atonement through the death of his blessed Son, Peter had no conception; nor would it probably have seemed right to his contracted mind, had he even seen and understood this general tendency of things. To

him, the pale-face appeared only as a rapacious invader, and not a creature obeying the great law of his destiny, the end of which is doubtless to help knowledge to abound, until it shall "cover the whole earth as the waters cover the sea." Hatred, inextinguishable and active hatred, appeared to be the law of this man's being; and he devoted all the means, aided by all the intelligence he possessed, to the furtherance of his narrow and short-sighted means of vengeance and redress. In all this, he acted in common with Tecumthe and his brother, though his consummate art kept him behind a veil, while the others were known and recognized as open and active foes. No publication speaks of this Peter, nor does any orator enumerate his qualities, while the other two chiefs have been the subjects of every species of descriptive talent, from that of the poet to that of the painter.

As day passed after day, the feeling of distrust in the bosom of the Bee-hunter grew weaker and weaker, and Peter succeeded in gradually worming himself into his confidence also. This was done, moreover, without any apparent effort. The Indian made no professions of friendship, laid himself

out for no particular attention, nor ever seemed to care how his companions regarded his deportment. His secret purposes he kept carefully smothered in his own breast, it is true; but, beyond that, no other sign of duplicity could have been discovered, even by one who knew his objects and schemes. So profound was his art, that it had the aspect of nature. Pigeonswing alone was alive to the danger of this man's company: and he knew it only by means of certain semi-confidential communications received in his character of a red man. It was no part of Peter's true policy to become an ally to either of the great belligerents of the day. On the contrary, his ardent wish was to see them destroy each other, and it was the sudden occurrence of the present war that had given a new impulse to his hopes, and a new stimulus to his efforts, as a time most propitious to his purposes. He was perfectly aware of the state of the Chippewa's feelings, and he knew that this man was hostile to the Pottawattamies, as well as to most of the tribes of Michigan; but this made no difference with *him*. If Pigeonswing took the scalp of a white man, he cared not whether it grew on an English or an American head; in either case, it

was the destruction of *his* enemy. With such a policy constantly in view, it cannot be matter of surprise that Peter continued on just as good terms with Pigeonswing as with Crowsfeather. But one precaution was observed in his intercourse with the first. To Crowsfeather, then on the war-path in quest of Yankee scalps, he had freely communicated his designs on his own white companions, while he did not dare to confide to the Chippewa this particular secret, since that Indian's relations with the Bee-hunter were so amicable as to be visible to every observer. Peter felt the necessity of especial caution in his communication with this savage, therefore; and this was the reason why the Chippewa was in so much painful uncertainty as to the other's intentions. He had learned enough to be distrustful, but not enough to act with decision.

Once, and once only, during their slow passage up the Kalamazoo, did the Bee-hunter observe something about Peter to awaken his original apprehensions. The fourth day after leaving the mouth of the river, and when the whole party were resting after the toil of passing a "carrying place," our hero had observed the eyes of that

tribeless savage roaming from one white face to another, with an expression in them so very fiendish, as actually to cause his heart to beat quicker than common. The look was such an one as le Bourdon could not remember to have ever before beheld in a human countenance. In point of fact, he had seen Peter in one of those moments when the pent fires of the volcano, that ceaselessly raged within his bosom, were becoming difficult to suppress; and when memory was busiest in recalling to his imagination scenes of oppression and wrong, that the white man is only too apt to forget amid the ease of his civilization, and the security of his power. But the look, and the impression produced by it on le Bourdon, soon passed away, and were forgotten by him to whom it might otherwise have proved to be a most useful warning.

It was a little remarkable that Margery actually grew to be attached to Peter, often manifesting towards the chief attentions and feelings such as a daughter is apt to exhibit towards a father. This arose from the high and courteous bearing of this extraordinary savage. At all times, an Indian warrior is apt to maintain the dignified

and courteous bearing that has so often been remarked in the race, but it is very seldom that he goes out of the way to manifest attention to the squaws. Doubtless these men have the feelings of humanity, and love their wives and offspring like others; but it is so essential a part of their training to suppress the exhibition of such emotions, that it is seldom the mere looker-on has occasion to note them. Peter, however, had neither wife nor child; or if they existed, no one knew where either was to be found. The same mystery shrouded this part of his history as veiled all the rest. In his hunts various opportunities occurred for exhibiting to the females manly attentions, by offering to them the choicest pieces of his game, and pointing out the most approved Indian modes of cooking the meats, so as to preserve their savoury properties. This he did sparingly at first, and as a part of a system of profound deception; but day by day, and hour after hour, most especially with Margery, did his manner become sensibly less distant, and more natural. The artlessness, the gentle qualities, blended with feminine spirit as they were, and the innocent gaiety of the girl, appeared to win on

this nearly remorseless savage, in spite of his efforts to resist her influence. Perhaps the beauty of Margery contributed its share in exciting these novel emotions in the breast of one so stern. We do not mean that Peter yielded to feelings akin to love; of this, he was, in a manner incapable; but a man can submit to a gentle regard for woman that shall be totally free from passion. This sort of regard Peter certainly began to entertain for Margery; and like begetting like, as money produces money, it is not surprising that the confidence of the girl herself, as well as her sympathies, should continue to increase in the favour of this terrible Indian.

But the changes of feeling, and the various little incidents to which we have alluded, did not occur in a single moment of time. Day passed after day, and still the canoes were working their way up the winding channels of the Kalamazoo, placing at each setting sun longer and longer reaches of its sinuous stream between the travellers and the broad sheet of Michigan. As le Bourdon had been up and down the river often, in his various excursions, he acted as the pilot of

the navigation; though all worked, even to the missionary and the Chippewa. On such an expedition, toil was not deemed to be discreditable to a warrior, and Pigeonswing used the paddle and the pole as willingly, and with as much dexterity, as any of the party.

It was only on the eleventh day after quitting the mouth of the river, that the canoes came-to in the little bay where le Bourdon was in the habit of securing his light bark, when in the openings. Castle Meal was in full view, standing peacefully in its sweet solitude; and Hive, who, as he came within the range of his old hunts, had started off, and got to the spot the previous evening, now stood on the bank of the river to welcome his master and his friends to the *chienté*. It wanted a few minutes of sunset as the travellers landed, and the parting rays of the great luminary of our system were glancing through the various glades of the openings, imparting a mellow softness to the herbage and flowers. So far as the Bee-hunter could perceive, not even a bear had visited the place in his absence. On ascending to his abode and examining the fastenings,

and on entering the hut, store-house, &c., le Bourdon became satisfied that all the property he had left behind was safe, and that the foot of man —he almost thought of beast too—had not visited the spot at all during the last fortnight.

CHAPTER III.

Hope in your mountains, and hope in your streams,
Bow down in their worship, and loudly pray;
Trust in your strength, and believe in your dreams,
But the wind shall carry them all away.

BRAINARD.

THE week which succeeded the arrival of our party at *Chateau au Miel*, or Castle Meal, as le Bourdon used to call his abode, was one of very active labour. It was necessary to house the adventurers, and the little habitation already built was quite insufficient for such a purpose. It was given to the females, who used it as a private apartment for themselves, while the cooking, eating, and even sleeping, so far as the males were concerned, were all done beneath the trees of the openings. But a new *chienté* was soon constructed, which, though wanting in the completeness and strength of Castle Meal, was sufficient for the

wants of these sojourners in a wilderness. It is surprising with how little of those comforts which civilization induces us to regard as necessaries we can get along, when cast into the midst of the western wilds. The female whose foot has trodden, from infancy upward, on nothing harder than a good carpet—who has been reared amidst all the appliances of abundance and art, seems at once to change her nature, along with her habits, and often proves a heroine, and an active assistant, when there was so much reason to apprehend she might turn out to be merely an encumbrance. In the course of a life that is now getting to be well stored with experience of this sort, as well as of many other varieties, we can recall a hundred cases of women, who were born and nurtured in affluence and abundance, who have cheerfully quitted the scenes of youth, their silks and satins, their china and plate, their mahogany and Brussels, to follow husbands and fathers into the wilderness, there to compete with the savage, often for food, and always for the final possession of the soil!

But, in the case of Dorothy and Blossom, the change had never been of this very broad charac-

ter, and habit had long been preparing them for scenes even more savage than that into which they were now cast. Both were accustomed to work, as, blessed be God! the American woman usually works; that is to say, within doors, and to render home, neat, comfortable, and welcome. As housewives, they were expert and willing, considering the meagreness of their means; and le Bourdon told the half-delighted, half-blushing Margery, ere the latter had been twenty-four hours in his *chienté*, that nothing but the presence of such an one as herself was wanting to render it an abode fit for a prince! Then, the cooking was so much improved! Apart from cleanliness, the venison was found to be more savoury, the cakes were lighter, and the pork less greasy. On this subject of grease, however, we could wish that a sense of right would enable us to announce its utter extinction in the American kitchen; or, if not absolutely its extinction, such a subjection of its unctuous properties, as to bring them within the limits of a reasonably accurate and healthful taste. To be frank, Dorothy carried a somewhat heavy hand in this respect; but pretty Margery was much her superior. How this difference in

domestic discipline occurred, is more than we can say; but of its existence there can be no doubt. There are two very respectable sections of the civilized world to which we should imagine no rational being would ever think of resorting, in order to acquire the art of cookery, and these are Germany and the Land of the Pilgrims. One hears and reads in those elegant specimens of the polite literature of the day, the letters from Washington, and from various travellers, who go up and down the river in steamboats, or along that railway, gratis, much in honour of the good things left behind the several writers, in the "Region of the Rock;" but, woe betide the wight who is silly enough to believe in all this poetical imagery, and who travels in that direction in the expectation of finding a good table! It is extraordinary that such a marked difference does exist, on an interest of this magnitude, among such near neighbours; but, of the fact, we should think no intelligent and experienced man can doubt. Believing, as we do, that no small portion of the elements of national character can be, and are, formed in the kitchen, the circumstance may appear to us of more moment than to some of our

readers. The vacuum left in cookery between Boston and Baltimore, for instance, is something like that which exists between Le Verrier's new planet and the sun.

But Margery could even fry pork without causing it to swim in grease, and at preparing a venison steak, a professed cook was not her superior. She also understood various little mysteries, in the way of converting the berries and fruits of the wilderness into pleasant dishes; and Corporal Flint soon affirmed that it was a thousand pities she did not live in a *garrison*, which, agreeably to his view of things, was something like placing her at the *comptoir* of the Café de Paris, or of marrying her to some second Vatel.

With the eating and drinking, the building advanced *pari passu*. Pigeonswing brought in his venison, his ducks, his pigeons, and his game of different varieties, daily, keeping the larder quite as well supplied as comported with the warmth of the weather; while the others worked on the new *chienté*. In order to obtain materials for this building, one so much larger than his old abode, Ben went up the Kalamazoo, about half a mile, where he felled a sufficient number of young pines,

with trunks of about a foot in diameter, cutting them into lengths of twenty and thirty feet, respectively. These lengths, or trunks, were rolled into the river, down which they slowly floated, until they arrived abreast of Castle Meal, where they were met by Peter, in a canoe, who towed each stick, as it arrived, to the place of landing. In this way, at the end of two days' work, a sufficient quantity of materials was collected to commence directly on the building itself.

Log-houses are of so common occurrence, as to require no particular description of the one now put up, from us. It was rather less than thirty feet in length, and one-third narrower than it was long. The logs were notched, and the interstices were filled by pieces of the pine, split to a convenient size. The roof was of bark, and of the simplest construction, while there was neither door nor window; though one aperture was left for the first, and two for the last. Corporal Flint, however, was resolved that not only a door should be made, as well as shutters for the windows, but that the house should, in time, be picketed. When le Bourdon remonstrated with him on the folly of taking so much unnecessary pains, it led to a dis-

cussion, in which the missionary even felt constrained to join.

"What's the use—what's the use?" exclaimed le Bourdon, a little impatiently, when he found the corporal getting to be in earnest in his proposal. "Here have I lived, safely, two seasons in Castle Meal, without any pickets, or palisades; and yet you want to turn this new house into a reg'lar garrison!"

"Ay, Bourdon, that was in *peaceable* times; but these is *war* times. I've seen the fall of Fort Dearborn, and I don't want to see the fall of another post this war. The Pottawattamies is hostile, even Peter owns; and the Pottawattamies has been here once, as you say yourself, and may come ag'in."

"The only Pottawattamie who has ever been at this spot, to my knowledge, is dead, and his bones are bleaching up yonder in the openings. No fear of him, then."

"His body is gone," answered the corporal; "and what is more, the rifle is gone with it. I heard that his rifle had been forgotten, and went to collect the arms found on the field of battle, but found nothing. No doubt his friends have

burned, or buried, the chief, and they will be apt to take another look in this quarter of the country, having l'arnt the road."

Boden was struck with this intelligence, as well as with the reasoning, and after a moment's pause, he answered in a way that showed a wavering purpose.

"It will take a week's work, to picket or palisade the house," he answered, "and I wish to be busy among the bees, once more."

"Go to your bees, Bourdon, and leave me to fortify and garrison, as becomes *my* trade. Parson Amen, here, will tell you that the children of Israel are often bloody-minded, and are not to be forgotten."

"The corporal is right," put in the missionary; "the corporal is quite right. The whole history of the ancient Jews gives us this character of them; and even Saul of Tarsus was bent on persecution and slaughter, until his hand was stayed by the direct manifestation of the power of God. I can see glimmerings of this spirit in Peter, and this at a moment when he is almost ready to admit that he's a descendant of Israel."

"Is Peter ready to allow that?" asked the Bee-

hunter, with more interest in the answer than he would have been willing to allow.

"As good as that—yes, quite as good as that. I can see, plainly, that Peter has some heavy mystery on his mind; sooner, or later, we shall learn it. When it *does* come out, the world may be prepared to learn the whole history of the Ten Tribes!"

"In my judgment," observed the corporal, "that chief could give the history of twenty, if he was so minded."

"There were but ten of them, brother Flint—but *ten;* and of those ten he could give us a full and highly interesting account. One of these days, we shall hear it all; in the mean time, it may be well enough to turn one of these houses into some sort of a garrison."

"Let it, then, be Castle Meal," said le Bourdon; "surely, if any one is to be defended and fortified in this way, it ought to be the women. You may easily palisade that hut, which is so much stronger than this, and so much smaller."

With this compromise, the work went on. The corporal dug a trench four feet deep, encircling the 'castle,' as happy as a lord the whole

time; for this was not the first time he had been at such work, which he considered to be altogether in character, and suitable to his profession. No youthful engineer, fresh from the Point, that seat of Military learning to which the Republic is even more indebted, for its signal successes in Mexico, than to the high military character of this population,—no young aspirant for glory, fresh from this useful school, could have greater delight in laying out his first bastion, or counter-scarp, or glacis, than Corporal Flint enjoyed in fortifying Castle Meal. It will be remembered that this was the first occasion he was ever at the head of the engineering department. Hitherto it had been his fortune to follow; but now it had become his duty to lead. As no one else, of that party, had ever been employed in such a work on any previous occasion, the corporal did not affect to conceal the superior knowledge with which he was overflowing. Gershom he found a ready and active assistant; for, by this time, the whiskey was well out of him; and he toiled with the greater willingness, as he felt that the palisades would add to the security of his wife and sister. Neither did Parson Amen disdain to use the pick

and shovel; for, while the missionary had the fullest reliance in the fact that the red men of that region were the descendants of the Children of Israel, he regarded them as a portion of the chosen people who were living under the ban of the divine displeasure, and as more than usually influenced by those evil spirits, whom St. Paul mentions, as the powers of air. In a word, while the good missionary had all faith in the final conversion and restoration of these children of the forests, he did not overlook the facts of their present barbarity, and great propensity to scalp. He was not quite as efficient as Gershom, at this novel employment, but a certain inborn zeal rendered him both active and useful. As for the Indians, neither of them deigned to touch a tool. Pigeonswing had little opportunity for so doing, indeed, being usually, from the rising to the setting sun, out hunting for the support of the party; while Peter passed most of his time in ruminations and solitary walks. This last paid little attention to the work about the castle, either knowing it would, at any moment, by an act of treachery, be in his power to render all these precautions of no avail; or, relying on the amount of

savage force that he knew was about to collect in the openings. Whenever he cast a glance on the progress of the work, it was with an eye of great indifference; once he even carried his duplicity so far, as to make a suggestion to the corporal, by means of which, as he himself expressed it, in his imperfect English—"Injin no get inside, to use knife and tomahawk." This seeming indifference, on the part of Peter, did not escape the observation of the Bee-hunter, who became still less distrustful of that mysterious savage, as he noted his conduct in connection with the dispositions making for defence.

Le Bourdon would not allow a tree of any sort to be felled anywhere near his abode. While the corporal and his associates were busy in digging the trench, he had gone to a considerable distance quite out of sight from Castle Meal, and near his great highway, the river, where he cut and trimmed the necessary number of burr oaks for the palisades. Boden laboured the more cheerfully at this work, for two especial reasons. One was the fact that the defences might be useful to himself, hereafter, as much against bears as against Indians; and the other, because Margery daily

brought her sewing or knitting, and sat on the fallen trees, laughing and chatting, as the axe performed its duties. On three several occasions Peter was present, also, accompanying Blossom, with a kindness of manner, and an attention to her pretty little tastes in culling flowers that would have done credit to a man of a higher school of civilization.

The reader is not to suppose, however, because the Indian pays but little outward attention to the squaws, he is without natural feeling, or manliness of character. In some respects his chivalrous devotion to the sex is, perhaps, in no degree inferior to that of the class which makes a parade of such sentiments, and this quite as much from convention and ostentation as from any other motive. The red man is still a savage, beyond all question; but he is a savage with so many of the nobler and more manly qualifications, when uncorrupted by communion with the worst class of whites, and not degraded by extreme poverty, as justly to render him a subject of our admiration, in self-respect, in dignity, and in simplicity of deportment. The Indian chief is usually a gentleman; and this though he may never have heard of Revelation,

and has not the smallest notion of the Atonement, and of the deep obligations it has laid on the human race.

Amid the numberless exaggerations of the day, one of particular capacity has arisen connected with the supposed character of a gentleman. Those who regard all things through the medium of religious feeling are apt to insist that he who is a Christian, is necessarily a gentleman; while he can be no thorough gentleman, who has not most of the qualities of the Christian character. This confusion in thought and language can lead to no useful result, while it embarrasses the minds of many, and renders the expression of our ideas less exact and comprehensive than they would otherwise be.

We conceive that a man may be very much of a Christian, and very little of a gentleman; or very much of a gentleman, and very little of a Christian. There is, in short, not much in common between the two characters, though it is possible for them to become united in the same individual. That the finished courtesies of polished life may wear some of the aspects of that benevolence which causes the Christian "to love

his neighbour as himself," is certainly true, though the motives of the parties are so very different as to destroy all real identity between them. While the moving principle of the gentleman is self-respect, that of a Christian is humility. The first is ready to lay down his life in order to wipe away an imaginary dishonour, or to take the life of another; the last is taught to turn the other cheek, when smitten. In a word, the first keeps the world, its opinions and its estimation ever uppermost in his thoughts; the last lives only to reverence God, and to conform to his will, in obedience to his revealed mandates. Certainly, there is that which is both grateful and useful in the refined deportment of one whose mind and manners have been polished even in the schools of the world; but it is degrading to the profoundly beautiful submission of the truly Christian temper, to imagine that anything like a moral parallel can justly be run between them.

Of course, Peter had none of the qualities of him who sees and feels his own defects, and relies only on the merits of the atonement for his place among the children of light, while he had so many of those qualities which depend on the estimate

which man is so apt to place on his own merits. In this last sense, this Indian had a great many of the essentials of a gentleman; a lofty courtesy presiding over all his intercourse with others, when passion or policy did not thrust in new and sudden principles of action. Even the missionary was so much struck with the gentleness of this mysterious savage's deportment in connection with Margery, as first to impute it to a growing desire to make a wife of that flower of the wilderness. But closer observation induced greater justice to the Indian in this respect. Nothing like the uneasiness, impatience, or distrust of passion could be discerned in his demeanour; and when Parson Amen perceived that the Bee-hunter's marked devotion to the beautiful Blossom rather excited a benevolent and kind interest in the feelings of Peter, so far at least as one can judge of the heart by external appearances, than anything that bore the fierce and uneasy impulses of jealousy, he was satisfied that his original impression was a mistake.

As le Bourdon flourished his axe, and Margery plied her needles, making a wholesome provision for the coming winter, the mysterious Indian

would stand, a quarter of an hour at a time, immoveable as a statue, his eyes riveted first on one and then on the other. What passed at such moments in that stern breast, it exceeds the penetration of man to say; but that the emotions thus pent within barriers that none could pass or destroy, were not always ferocious and revengeful, a carefully observant spectator might possibly have suspected, had such a person been there to note all the signs of what was uppermost in the chief's thoughts. Still, gleamings of sudden, but intense ferocity did occasionally occur; and, at such instants, the countenance of this extraordinary being was truly terrific. Fortunately, such bursts of uncontrolled feeling were transient, being of rare occurrence, and of very short duration.

By the time the corporal had his trenches dug, le Bourdon was prepared with his palisades, which were just one hundred in number, being intended to enclose a space of forty feet square. The men all united in the transportation of the timber, which was floated down the river on a raft of white pine, the burr oak being of a specific gravity that fresh water could not sustain. A couple of days, however, sufficed for the transportation

by water, and as many more for that by land, between the place of landing and Castle Meal. This much accomplished, the whole party rested from their labours, the day which succeeded being the Sabbath.

Those who dwell habitually amid the haunts of men, alone thoroughly realize the vast importance that ought to be attached to the great day of rest. Men on the ocean, and men in the forest, are only too apt to overlook the returns of this Sabbath; thus slowly, but inevitably, alienating themselves more and more from the dread Being who established the festival, as much in his own honour as for the good of man. When we are told that the Almighty is jealous of his rights, and desires to be worshipped, we are not to estimate this wish by any known human standard, but are ever to bear in mind that it is exactly in proportion as we do reverence the Creator and Ruler of heaven and earth that we are nearest, or farthest, from the condition of the blessed. It is probably for his own good, that the adoration of man is pleasing in the eyes of God.

The missionary, though a visionary and an enthusiast, as respected the children of Israel, was a

zealous observer of his duties. On Sundays, he never neglected to set up his tabernacle, even though it were in a howling wilderness, and went regularly through the worship of God, according to the form of the sect to which he belonged. His influence, on the present occasion, was sufficient to cause a suspension of all labour, though not without some remonstrances on the part of the corporal. The latter contended that, in military affairs, there was no Sunday known, unless it might be in peaceable times, and that he had never heard of entrenchments "resting from their labours," on the part of either the besieger or the besieged. Work of that sort, he thought, ought to go on, day and night, by means of reliefs; and, instead of pausing to hold church, he had actually contemplated detailing fatigue parties to labour through, not only that day, but the whole of the succeeding night.

As for Peter, he never offered the slightest objection to any of Parson Amen's sermons or prayers. He listened to both with unmoved gravity, though no apparent impression was ever made on his feelings. The Chippewa hunted on the Sabbaths as much as on any other day; and

it was in reference to this fact that the following little conversation took place between Margery and the missionary, as the party sat beneath the oaks, passing a tranquil evening at midsummer.

"How happens it, Mr. Amen," said Margery, who had insensibly adopted the missionary's *sobriquet*, "that no red man keeps the Sabbath-day, if they are descended from the Jews? This is one of the most respected of all the commandments, and it does not seem natural"—Margery's use of terms was necessarily influenced by association and education—"that any of that people should wholly forget the day of rest."

"Perhaps you are not aware, Margery, that the Jews, even in civilized countries, do not keep the same Sabbath as the Christians," returned the missionary. "They have public worship on a Saturday, as we do on a Sunday. Now, I did think I saw some signs of Peter's privately worshipping yesterday, while *we* were all so busy at our garrison. You may have observed how thoughtful and silent the chief was in the middle of the afternoon?"

"I *did* observe it," said the Bee-hunter, "but must own I did not suspect him of holding meet-

ing for any purposes within himself. That was one of the times when I like the manners and behaviour of this Injin the least."

"We do not know—we do not know—perhaps his spirit struggled with the temptations of the Evil One. To me he appeared to be worshipping, and I set the fact down as a proof that the red men keep the Jewish Sabbath."

"I did not know that the Jews keep a Sabbath different from our own, else I might have thought the same. But I never saw a Jew, to my knowledge. Did you, Margery?"

"Not to know him for one," answered the girl; and true enough was the remark of each. Five and thirty years ago, America was singularly not only a Christian but a Protestant nation. Jews certainly did exist in the towns, but they were so blended with the rest of the population, and were so few in number, as scarcely to attract attention to them as a sect. As for Romanists, they too had their churches and their dioceses; but what untravelled American had then ever seen a nun? From monks, Heaven be praised, we are yet spared; and this is said without any prejudice against the denomination to which they usually

belong. He who has lived much in countries where that sect prevails, if a man of a particle of liberality, soon learns that piety and reverence for God, and a deep sense of all the Christian obligations, can just as well, nay better, exist in a state of society where a profound submission to well-established dogmas is to be found, than in a state of society where there is so much political freedom as to induce the veriest pretenders to learning to imagine that each man is a church and a hierarchy in his own person! All this is rapidly changing. Romanists abound, and spots that, half a century since, appeared to be the most improbable places in the world to admit of the rites of the priests of Rome, now hear the chants and prayers of the mass-books. All this shows a tendency towards that great commingling of believers, which is doubtless to precede the final fusion of sects and the predicted end.

On the Monday that succeeded the Sabbath mentioned, the corporal had all his men at work, early, pinning together his palisades, making them up into manageable bents, and then setting them up on their legs. As the materials were all there, and quite ready to be put together, the work

advanced rapidly; and by the time the sun drew near the western horizon once more, Castle Meal was surrounded by its bristling defences. The whole was erect and stay-lathed, waiting only for the earth to be shovelled back into the trench and to be pounded well down. As it was, the palisades offered a great increase of security to those in the *chienté*, and both the females expressed their obligations to their friends for having taken this important step towards protecting them from the enemy. When they retired for the night, everything was arranged, so that the different members of the party might know where to assemble within the works. Among the effects of Gershom were a conch and a horn; the latter being one of those common instruments of tin, which are so much used in and about American farm-houses, to call the labourers from the field. The conch was given to the men, that in case of need they might sound the alarm from without; while the horn, or trumpet of tin, was suspended by the door of the *chienté*, in order that the females might have recourse to it at need.

About midnight, long after the whole party had retired to rest, and when the stillness of the hours

of deepest repose reigned over the openings, the Bee-hunter was awoke from his sleep by an unwonted call. At first he could scarcely believe his senses, so plaintive, and yet so wild, was the blast. But there could be no mistake: it was the horn from the *chienté*, and in a moment he was on his feet. By this time the corporal was a-foot, and presently all the men in motion. On this occasion Gershom manifested a readiness and spirit that spoke equally well for his heart and his courage. He was foremost in rushing to the assistance of his wife and sister, though le Bourdon was very close to his heels.

On reaching the gate of the palisade, it was found closed, and barred within; nor did any one appear until Dorothy was summoned, by repeated calls, in the well-known voice of her husband. When the two females came out of the *chienté* great was their wonder and alarm! No horn had been blown by either of them, and there the instrument itself hung on its peg, as quiet and mute as if a blast had never been blown into it. The Bee-hunter, on learning this extraordinary fact, looked around him anxiously, in order to ascertain who might be absent. Every man was pre-

sent, and each person stood by his arms, no one betraying the slightest consciousness of knowing whence the unaccountable summons had proceeded!

"This has been done by you, corporal, in order to bring us together, under arms, by way of practice," le Bourdon at length exclaimed.

"False alarms is useful, if not overdone; especially among raw troops," answered Flint, coolly; "but I have given none to-night. I will own I did intend to have you all out in a day or two, by way of practice, but I have thought it useless to attempt too much at once. When the garrison is finished it will be enough to drill the men to the alarm-posts."

"What is your opinion, Peter?" continued le Bourdon. "You understand the wilderness and its ways. To what is this extr'or'nary call owing? Why have we been brought here at this hour?"

"Somebody blow horn, most likely," answered Peter, in his unmoved, philosophical manner. "'Spose don't know, den can't tell. Warrior often hear 'larm on war-path."

"This is an onaccountable thing! If I ever heard a horn I heard one to-night; yet this is the

only horn we have, and no one has touched it. It was not the conch I heard; there is no mistaking the difference insound betweena shell and a horn, and there is the conch, hanging at Gershom's neck, just where it has been the whole night."

"No one has touched the conch—I will answer for *that*," returned Gershom, laying a hand on the shell, as if to make certain all was right.

"This is most extr'or'nary! I heard the horn, if ears of mine ever heard such an instrument!"

Each of the white men added as much, for every one of them had distinctly heard the blast. Still neither could suggest any probable clue to the mystery. The Indians said nothing; but it was so much in conformity with their habits for red men to maintain silence, whenever any unusual events awakened feelings in others, that no one thought their deportment out of rule. As for Peter, a statue of stone could scarcely have been colder in aspect than was this chief, who seemed to be altogether raised above every exhibition of human feeling. Even the corporal gaped, though much excited, for he had been suddenly aroused from a deep sleep; but Peter was as much superior to

physical as to moral impressions on this occasion. He made no suggestion, manifested no concern, exhibited no curiosity; and when the men withdrew again to their proper habitation, he walked back with them, in the same silence and calm as those with which he had advanced. Gershom, however, entered within the palisade, and passed the remainder of the night with his family.

The Bee-hunter and the Chippewa accidentally came together, as the men moved slowly towards their own hut, when the following short dialogue occurred between them.

"Is that you, Pigeonswing?" exclaimed le Bourdon, when he found his friend touching an elbow, as if by chance.

"Yes, dis me—want better friend, eh?"

"No; I'm well satisfied to have you near me in an alarm, Chippewa. We've stood by each other once in troublesome times; and I think we can do as much ag'in."

"Yes; stand by friend—dat honour. Nebber turn back on friend; dat my way."

"Chippewa, who blew the blast on the horn?—can you tell me *that*?"

"Why you don't ask Peter? He wise chief—

know ebberyt'ing. Young Injin ask ole Injin when don't know—why not young pale-face ask ole man, too, eh?"

"Pigeonswing, if truth was said, I believe it would be found that you suspect Peter of having a hand in this business!"

This speech was rather too idiomatic for the comprehension of the Indian, who answered according to his own particular view of the matter.

"Don't blow horn wid hand," he said—"Injin blow wid mout', just like pale-face."

The Bee-hunter did not reply; but his companion's remark had a tendency to revive in his breast, certain unpleasant and distrustful feelings towards the mysterious savage, which the incidents and communications of the last two weeks had had a strong tendency to put to sleep.

CHAPTER IV.

None knows his lineage, age, or name;
His looks are like the snows of Caucasus; his eyes
Beam with the wisdom of collected ages.
In green, unbroken years he sees, 'tis said,
The generations pass like autumn fruits,
Garner'd, consumed, and springing fresh to life,
Again to perish————

HILLHOUSE.

No further disturbance took place that night, and the men set about filling up the trenches in the morning steadily as if nothing had happened. They talked a little of the extraordinary occurrence, but more was *thought* than *said*. Le Bourdon observed, however, that Pigeonswing went earlier than usual to the hunt, and that he made his preparations as if he expected to be absent more than the customary time.

As there were just one hundred feet of ditch to

fill with dirt, the task was completed, and that quite thoroughly, long ere the close of the day. The pounding down of the earth consumed more time, and was much more laborious than the mere tumbling of the earth back into its former bed; but even this portion of the work was sufficiently attended to. When all was done, the corporal himself, a very critical sort of person in what he called 'garrisons,' was fain to allow that it was as "pretty a piece of palisading" as he had ever laid eyes on. The 'garrison' wanted only one thing, now, to render it a formidable post—and that was water. No spring or well existing within its narrow limits, however, he procured two or three empty barrels, portions of le Bourdon's effects, placed them within the works, and had them filled with sweet water. By emptying this water two or three times a week, and refilling the barrels, it was thought that a sufficient provision of that great necessary would be made and kept up. Luckily the corporal's 'garrison' did not drink, and the want was so much the more easily supplied for the moment.

In truth, the *chienté* was now converted into a place of some strength, when it is considered that

artillery had never yet penetrated to those wilds. More than half the savages of the West fought with arrows and spears in that day, as most still do when the great prairies are reached. A rifleman so posted as to have his body in a great measure covered by the trunk of a burr oak tree, would be reasonably secure against the missives of an Indian, and, using his own fatal instrument of death, under a sense of personal security, he would become a formidable opponent to dislodge. Nor was the smallness of the work any objection to its security. A single well-armed man might suffice to defend twenty-five feet of palisades, when he would have been insufficient to make good his position with twice the extent. Then le Bourdon had cut loops on three sides of the hut itself, in order to fire at the bears, and sometimes at the deer, which had often approached the building in its days of solitude and quiet, using the window on the fourth side for the same purpose. In a word, a sense of increased security was felt by the whole party when this work was completed, though one arrangement was still wanting to render it perfect. By separating the real garrison from the nominal garrison during

the night, there always existed the danger of surprise; and the corporal, now that his fortifications were finished, soon devised a plan to obviate this last-named difficulty. His expedient was very simple, and had somewhat of barrack-life about it.

Corporal Flint raised a low platform along one side of the *chienté*, by placing there logs of pine that were squared on one of their sides. Above, at the height of a man's head, a roof of bark was reared on poles, and prairie grass, aided by skins, formed very comfortable barrack-beds beneath. As the men were expected to lie with their heads towards the wall of the hut, and their feet outwards, there was an ample space for twice their number. Thither, then, were all the homely provisions of the night transported; and, when Margery closed the door of the *chienté*, after returning the Bee-hunter's cordial good night, it was with no further apprehension for the winding of the mysterious horn.

The first night that succeeded the new arrangement passed without any disturbance. Pigeons-wing did not return, as usual, at sunset, and a little uneasiness was felt on his account; but, as

he made his appearance quite early in the morning, this source of concern ceased. Nor did the Chippewa come in empty-handed; he had killed not only a buck, but he had knocked down a bear during his rambles, besides taking a mess of famously fine trout from a brawling stream at no great distance. The fish were eaten for breakfast, and immediately after that meal was ended, a party started to bring in the venison and bear's meat, under the lead of the Chippewa. This party consisted of the corporal, Gershom, the Bee-hunter, and Pigeonswing himself. When it left the garrison, the females were spinning beneath the shade of the oaks, and the missionary was discoursing with Peter on the subject of the customs of the latter's people, in the hope of deriving facts to illustrate his theory of the ten lost tribes.

The buck was found, suspended from a tree as usual, at the distance of only a mile from the 'garrison,' as the corporal now uniformly called 'Castle Meal.' Here the party divided; Flint and Gershom shouldering the venison, and Pigeonswing leading the Bee-hunter still further from home in quest of Bruin. As the two last moved through the park-like trees and glades of the openings, a

dialogue occurred that it may help along the incidents of our legend to record.

"You made a long hunt of it yesterday, Pigeonswing," observed le Bourdon, as soon as he found himself alone with his old ally. "Why didn't you come in at night accordin' to custom?"

"Too much *see*—too much *do*. Dat good reason, eh?" was the answer.

"Your *do* was to kill one buck and one bear, no such great matter after all; and your *see* could not much alter the case, since seeing a whole regiment of the creatures couldn't frighten a man like you."

"No said frighten," returned the Chippewa sharply. "Squaw frighten, not warrior."

"I ask your pardon, Pigeonswing, for supposing such a thing *possible*, though you will remember I did not think it very likely to be the fact with *you*. I will give you one piece of advice, however, Chippewa, which is this—do not be ready to jump down every man's throat who may happen to think it possible that you might be a little skeary when enemies are plenty. It is the man who feels himself strongest in such matters that is the

least likely to take offence at any loose remark of this nature. Your fiery devils go off sometimes at half-cock, because they have a secret whisper within that tell 'em the charge is true. That's all I have to say just now, Chippewa."

"Don't know—don't hear (understand) what you say. No frighten, tell you—dat 'nuff."

"No need of, being like a steel-trap, Injin—I understand, if you don't. Now, I own I *am* skeary when there is reason for it, and all I can say in my own favour is, that I don't begin to run before the danger is in sight." Here the Bee-hunter paused, and walked some distance in silence. When he did resume the discourse, it was to add,—"Though I must confess a man may *hear* danger as well as *see* it. That horn has troubled me more than I should like to own to Dorothy and pretty Blossom."

"Bess alway let squaw know most den, sometime she help as well as warrior. Bourdon, you right—*ought* to feel afeard of dat horn."

"Ha! Do you then know anything about it, Pigeonswing, that you give this opinion?"

"Hear him juss like rest. Got ear, why not hear, eh?"

"Ay, but your manner of speaking just now said more than this. Perhaps you blew the horn yourself, Chippewa?"

"Didn't touch him," returned the Indian coldly. "Want to sleep—don't want to blow trumpet."

"Whom do you then suspect? Is it Peter?"

"No—don't touch him nudder. Lay down by me dere when horn blow."

"I'm glad to hear this from you, Pigeonswing, for, to own the truth, I've had my misgivings about that onaccountable Injin, and I did think he might have been up and got hold of the horn."

"No touch him at all. Fast 'sleep when horn blow. What make Peter come in openin', eh? You know?"

"I know no more than he has himself told me. By his account there is to be a great council of red men on the prairie, a few miles from this spot; he is waiting for the appointed day to come, in order to go and make one of the chiefs that will be there. Is not this true, Chippewa?"

"Yes, dat true—what dat council smoke round fire for, eh? You know?"

"No, I do not, and would be right glad to have

you tell me, Pigeonswing. Perhaps the tribes mean to have a meeting to determine in their own minds which side they ought to take in this war."

"Not dat nudder. Know well 'nough which side take. Got message and wampum from Canada fadder, and most all Injin up this-a-way look for Yankee scalp. Not dat nudder."

"Then I have no notion what is at the bottom of this council. Peter seems to expect great things from it; that I can see by his way of talking and looking whenever he speaks of it."

"Peter want to see him very much. Smoke at great many sich council fire."

"Do you intend to be present at this council on Prairie Round?" asked the Bee-hunter, innocently enough. Pigeonswing turned to look at his companion, in a way that seemed to inquire how far he was really the dupe of the mysterious Indian's wiles. Then, suddenly aware of the importance of not betraying all he himself knew, until the proper moment had arrived, he bent his eyes forward again, continuing onward and answering somewhat evasively.

"Don't know, he replied. "Hunter nebber

tell. Chief want venison, and he must hunt. Just like squaw in pale-face wigwam—work, work—sweep, sweep—cook, cook—never know when work done. So hunter hunt—hunt—hunt."

"And for that matter, Chippewa, just like squaw in the red man's village, too. Hoe, hoe—dig, dig—carry, carry—so that she never knows when she may sit down to rest."

"Yes," returned Pigeonswing, coolly nodding his assent as he moved steadily forward. "Dat do right way wid squaw—juss what he good for—juss what he *made* for—work for warrior and cook his dinner. Pale-face make too much of squaw."

"Not accordin' to your account of their manner of getting along, Injin. If the work of our squaws is never done, we can hardly make too much of them. Where does Peter keep *his* squaw?"

"Don't know," answered the Chippewa. "Nobody know. Don't know where his tribe even."

"This is very extraor'nary, considering the influence the man seems to enjoy. How is it that he has so completely got the ears of all the red men, far and near?"

To this question Pigeonswing gave no answer. His own mind was so far under Peter's control

that he did not choose to tell more than might be prudent. He was fully aware of the mysterious chief's principal design, that of destroying the white race altogether, and of restoring the red men to their ancient rights, but several reasons prevented his entering into the plot heart and hand. In the first place, he was friendly to the "Yankees," from whom he, personally, had received many favours and no wrongs; then, the tribe, or half tribe to which he belonged had been employed more or less by the agents of the American government as runners, and in other capacities, ever since the peace of '83; and, lastly, he himself had been left much in different garrisons, where he had not only acquired his English, but a habit of thinking the Americans as his friends. It might also be added that Pigeonswing, though far less gifted by nature than the mysterious Peter, had formed a truer estimate of the power of the "Yankees," and did not believe they were to be annihilated so easily. How it happened that this Indian had come to a conclusion so much safer than that of Peter's, a man of twice his capacity, is more than we can explain; though it was probably owing to the accidental circumstances of his more intimate associations with the whites.

The Bee-hunter was by nature a man of observation, a faculty that his habits had both increased and stimulated. Had it not been for the manner in which he was submitting to the influence of Margery, he would long before have seen that in the deportment of the Chippewa which would have awakened his distrust; not that Margery in any way endeavoured to blind him to what was passing before his face, but that he was fast getting to have eyes only for her. By this time she filled not only his waking, but many of his sleeping thoughts; and when she was not actually before him, charming him with her beauty, enlivening him with her artless gaiety, and inspiring him with her innocent humour, he fancied she was there, imagination, perhaps, heightening all those advantages which we have enumerated. When a man is thoroughly in love, he is quite apt to be fit for very little else but to urge his suit. Such, in a certain way, proved to be the case with le Bourdon, who allowed things to pass unheeded directly before his eyes, that previously to his acquaintance with Margery would not only have been observed, but which would have most probably led to some practical results. The

conduct of Pigeonswing was among the circumstances that were thus overlooked by our hero. In point of fact, Peter was slowly but surely working on the mind of the Chippewa, changing all his opinions radically, and teaching him to regard every pale-face as an enemy. The task, in this instance, was not easy; for Pigeonswing, in addition to his general propensities in favour of the "Yankees," the result of mere accident, had conceived a real personal regard for le Bourdon, and was very slow to admit any views that tended to his injury. The struggle in the mind of the young warrior was severe; and twenty times was he on the point of warning his friend of the danger which impended over the whole party, when a sense of good faith towards Peter, who held his word to the contrary, prevented his so doing. This conflict of feeling was now constantly active in the breast of the young savage.

Pigeonswing had another source of uneasiness, to which his companions were entirely strangers. While hunting, his keen eyes had detected the presence of warriors in the openings. It is true he had not seen even one, but he knew that the signs he had discovered could not deceive him.

Not only were warriors at hand, but warriors in considerable numbers. He had found one deserted lair, from which its late occupants could not have departed many hours when it came under his own notice. By means of that attentive sagacity which forms no small portion of the education of an American Indian, Pigeonswing was enabled to ascertain that this party, of itself, numbered seventeen, all of whom were men and warriors. The first fact was easily enough to be seen, perhaps, there being just seventeen different impressions left in the grass; but that all these persons were armed men, was learned by Pigeonswing through evidence that would have been overlooked by most persons. By the length of the lairs he was satisfied none but men of full stature had been there; and he even examined sufficiently close to make out the proofs that all but four of these men carried fire-arms. Strange as it may seem to those who do not know how keen the senses become when whetted by the apprehensions and wants of savage life, Pigeonswing was enabled to discover signs which showed that the excepted were provided with bows, and arrows, and spears.

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When the Bee-hunter and his companion came in sight of the carcase of the bear, which they did shortly after the last remark which we have given in the dialogue recorded, the former exclaimed with a little surprise—

"How's this, Chippewa? You have killed this beast with your bow! Did you not hunt with the rifle yesterday?"

"Bad fire rifle off now-a-days," answered Pigeonswing, sententiously. "Make noise—noise no good."

"Noise!" repeated the perfectly unsuspecting Bee-hunter. "Little good or little harm can noise do in these openings, where there is neither mountains to give back an echo, or ear to be startled. The crack of my rifle has rung through these groves a hundred times and no harm come of it."

"Forget war-time now. Bess nebber fire, less can't help him. Pottawattamie hear great way off."

"Oh! That's it, is it! You're afraid our old friends, the Pottawattamies, may find us out, and come to thank us for all that happened down at the river's mouth. Well," continued le Bourdon,

laughing, "if they wish another whiskey-spring, I have a small jug left, safely hid against a wet day; a very few drops will answer to make a tolerable spring. You red-skins don't know everything, Pigeonswing, though you are so keen and quick-witted on a trail."

"Bess not tell Pottawattamie any more 'bout spring," answered the Chippewa, gravely; for by this time he regarded the state of things in the openings to be so serious as to feel little disposition to mirth. "Why you don't go home, eh? Why don't med'cine-man go home, too? Bess for pale-face to be wid pale-face when red man go on war-path. Colour bess keep wid colour."

"I see you want to be rid of us, Pigeonswing; but the parson has no thought of quitting this part of the world until he has convinced all the red-skins that they are Jews."

"What *he* mean, eh?" demanded the Chippewa, with more curiosity than it was usual for an Indian warrior to betray. "What sort of man Jew, eh? Why call red man Jew?"

"I know very little more about it than you do yourself, Pigeonswing; but such as my poor

knowledge is, you're welcome to it. You've heard of the Bible, I dare say?"

"Sartain—med'cine-man read him Sunday. Good book to read, some t'ink."

"Yes, it's all that, and a great companion have I found my Bible, when I've been alone with the bees out here in the openings. It tells us of our God, Chippewa; and teaches us how we are to please him, and how we may offend. It's a great loss to you red-skins not to have such a book among you."

"Med'cine-man bring him—don't do much good, yet; some day, p'r'aps, do better. How dat make red man Jew?"

"Why this is a new idea to me, though Parson Amen seems fully possessed with it. I suppose you know what a Jew is?"

"Don't know anyt'ing 'bout him. Sort o' nigger, eh?"

"No, no, Pigeonswing, you're wide of the mark this time. But, that we may understand each other, we'll begin at the beginning like, which will let you into the whole history of the pale-face religion. As we've had a smart walk, how-

ever, and here is the bear's meat safe and sound, just as you left it, let us sit down a bit on this trunk of a tree, while I give you our tradition from beginning to end, as it might be. In the first place, Chippewa, the earth was made without creatures of any sort to live on it—not so much as a squirrel or a woodchuck."

"Poor country to hunt in, dat," observed the Chippewa, quietly, while le Bourdon was wiping his forehead after removing his cap. "Ojebways stay in it very little time."

"This, according to our belief, was before any Ojebway lived. At length, God made a man, out of clay, and fashioned him, as we see men fashioned, and living all aroung us."

"Yes," answered the Chippewa, nodding his head in assent. "Den Manitou put plenty blood in him—*dat* make *red* warrior. Bible good book, if tell dat tradition."

"The Bible says nothing about any colours; but we suppose the man first made to have been a pale face. At any rate, the pale-faces have got possession of the best parts of the earth, as it might be, and I think they mean to keep them.

First come, first served, you know. The pale-faces are many, and are strong."

"Stop!" exclaimed Pigeonswing, in a way that was very unusual for an Indian to interrupt another when speaking; "want to ask question —How many pale-face you t'ink is dere? Ebber count him?"

"Count them!—Why, Chippewa, you might as well count the bees, as they buzz around a fallen tree. You saw me cut down the tree I last discovered, and saw the movement of the little animals, and may judge what success tongue, or eye, would have in counting *them;* now, just as true would it be to suppose that any man could count the pale-faces on this earth."

"Don't want count *all,*" answered Pigeonswing. "Want to know how many dis side of great salt lake."

"That's another matter, and more easily come at. I understand you, now, Chippewa; you wish to know how many of us there are in the country we call America?"

"Juss so," returned Pigeonswing, nodding in assent. "Dat juss it—juss what Injin want to know."

"Well, we do have a count of our own people, from time to time, and I suppose come about as near to the truth as men can come in such a matter. There must be about eight millions of us altogether; that is, old and young, big and little, male and female."

"How many warrior you got?—don't want hear about squaw and pappoose."

"No, I see you're warlike this morning, and want to see how we are likely to come out of this struggle with your Great Canada Father. Counting all round, I think we might muster hard on upon a million of fighting-men—good, bad, and indifferent; that is to say, there must be a million of us of proper age to go into the wars."

Pigeonswing made no answer for near a minute. Both he and the Bee-hunter had come to a halt alongside of the bear's meat, and the latter was beginning to prepare his own portion of the load for transportation, while his companion stood thus motionless, lost in thought. Suddenly, Pigeonswing recovered his recollection, and resumed the conversation, by saying—

"What million mean, Bourdon? How many time so'ger at Detroit, and so'ger on lakes?"

"A million is more than the leaves on all the trees in these openings"—le Bourdon's notions were a little exaggerated, perhaps, but this was what he *said*—"yes, more than the leaves on all these oaks, far and near. A million is a countless number, and I suppose would make a row of men as long as from this spot to the shores of the great salt lake, if not further."

It is probable that the Bee-hunter, himself, had no very clear notion of the distance of which he spoke, or of the number of men it would actually require to fill the space he mentioned; but his answer sufficed deeply to impress the imagination of the Indian, who now helped le Bourdon to secure his load to his back, in silence, receiving the same service in return. When the meat of the bear was securely bestowed, each resumed his rifle, and the friends commenced their march in, towards the *chienté;* conversing, as they went, on the matter which still occupied their minds. When the Bee-hunter again took up the history of the creation, it was to speak of our common mother.

"You will remember, Chippewa," he said, "that I told you nothing on the subject of any woman. What I have told you, as yet, consarned

only the first *man*, who was made out of clay, into whom God breathed the breath of life."

"Dat good—make warrior fuss. Juss right. When breat' in him, fit to take scalp, eh?"

"Why, as to that, it is not easy to see whom he was to scalp, seeing that he was quite alone in the world, until it pleased his Creator to give him a woman for a companion."

"Tell 'bout dat," returned Pigeonswing, with interest—"tell how he got squaw."

"Accordin' to the Bible, God caused this man to fall into a deep sleep, when he took one of his ribs, and out of that, he made a squaw for him. Then he put them both to live together, in a most beautiful garden, in which all things excellent and pleasant was to be found—some such place a these openings, I reckon."

"Any bee dere?" asked the Indian, quite innocently. "Plenty honey, eh?"

"That will I answer for! It could hardly be otherwise, when it was the intention to make the first man and the first woman perfectly happy. I dare say, Chippewa, if the truth was known, it would be found that bees was a sipping at every flower in that most delightful garden!"

"Why pale-face quit dat garden, eh?—Why come here to drive poor Injin 'way from game? Tell me dat, Bourdon, if he can? Why pale-face ever leave *dat* garden, when he so han'some, eh?"

"God turned him out of it, Chippewa—yes, he was turned *out* of it, with shame on his face, for having disobeyed the commandments of his Creator. Having left the garden his children have scattered over the face of the earth."

"So come here to drive off Injin! Well dat'e way wid pale face! Did ever here of red man comin' to drive off pale-face?"

"I have heard of your red warriors often coming to take our scalps, Chippewa. More or less of this has been done every year, since our people have landed in America. More than that they have not done, for we are too many to be driven very far in, by a few scattering tribes of Injins."

"T'ink, den, more pale-face dan Injin, eh?" asked the Chippewa, with an interest so manifest, that he actually stopped in his semi-trot, in order to put the question—"More pale-face warrior dan red men?"

"More! Ay, a thousand times more, Chippewa. Where you could show one warrior, we could show a thousand!"

Now this was not strictly true, perhaps, but it answered the purpose of deeply impressing the Chippewa with the uselessness of Peter's plans, and, sustained as it was by his early predilections, it served to keep him on the right side in the crisis which was approaching. The discourse continued, much in the same strain, until the men got in with their bear's meat, having been preceded some time by the others, with the venison.

It is a little singular that neither the questions, nor the manner of Pigeonswing, awakened any distrust in the Bee-hunter. So far from this, the latter regarded all that had passed as perfectly natural, and as likely to arise in conversation, in the way of pure speculation, as in any other manner. Pigeonswing intended to be guarded in what he said and did, for, as yet, he had not made up his mind which side he would really espouse, in the event of the great project coming to a head. He had the desire, natural to a red man, to avenge the wrongs committed against his race; but this desire existed in a form a good deal mitigated by

his intercourse with the "Yankees," and his regard for individuals. It had, nevertheless, strangely occurred to the savage reasoning of this young warrior, that, possibly some arrangement might be effected, by means of which he should take scalps from the Canadians, while Peter and his followers were working their will on the Americans. In this confused condition was the mind of the Chippewa, when he and his companion threw down their loads, near the place where the provision of game was usually kept. This was beneath the tree, near the spring and the cook-house, in order that no inconvenience should arise from its proximity to the place where the party dwelt and slept. For a siege, should there be occasion to shut themselves up within the "garrison," the men depended on the pickled pork, and a quantity of dried meat; of the latter of which, the missionary had brought a considerable supply in his own canoe. Among these stores were a few dozen of buffalo's, or bison's tongues, a delicacy that would honour the best table in the civilized world, though then so common among the western hunters, as scarce to be deemed food as good as the common salted pork and beef of the settlements.

The evening that followed proved to be one of singular softness and sweetness. The sun went down in a cloudless sky, and gentle airs from the south-west fanned the warm cheeks of Margery, as she sat, resting from the labours of the day, with le Bourdon at her side, speaking of the pleasures of a residence in such a spot. The youth was eloquent, for he felt all that he said, and the maiden was pleased. The young man could expatiate on bees in a way to arrest any one's attention; and Margery delighted to hear him relate his adventures with these little creatures; his successes, losses and journeys.

"But are you not often lonely, Bourdon, living here in the openings, whole summers at a time, without a living soul to speak to?" demanded Margery, colouring to the eyes, the instant the question was asked, lest it should subject her to an imputation against which her modesty revolted, that of wishing to draw the discourse to a discussion on the means of preventing this solitude in future.

"I have not hitherto," answered le Bourdon, so frankly as at once to quiet his companion's sensitiveness, "though I will not answer for the future.

Now that I have so many with me, we may make some of them necessary. Mind—I say *some*, not all of my present guests. If I could have my pick, pretty Margery, the present company would give me *all* I can desire, and more too. I should not think of going to Detroit for that companion, since she is to be found so much nearer."

Margery blushed and looked down—then she raised her eyes, smiled, and seemed grateful as well as pleased. By this time she had become accustomed to such remarks, and she had no difficulty in discovering her lover's wishes, though he had never been more explicit. The reflections natural to her situation threw a shade of gentle seriousness over her countenance, rendering her more charming than ever, and causing the youth to plunge deeper and deeper into the meshes that female influence had cast around him. In all this however, one of the parties was governed by a manly sincerity, and the other by girlish artlessness. Diffidence, one of the most certain attendants of a pure passion, alone kept le Bourdon from asking Margery to become his wife; while Margery, herself, sometimes doubted whether it were possible that any reputable man could wish

to connect himself and his fortunes with a family that had sunk as low as persons could well sink. in this country, and not lose their character altogether. With these doubts and distrusts, so naturally affecting the mind of each, these young people were rapidly becoming more and more enamoured; the Bee-hunter betraying his passion in the close, absorbed attentions that more properly belong to his sex, while that of Margery was to be seen in sudden blushes, the thoughtful brow, the timid glance, and a cast of tenderness that came over her whole manner, and, as it might be, her whole being.

While our young folk were thus employed, now conversing cheerfully, now appearing abstracted and lost in thought, though seated side by side, le Bourdon happened to look behind him, and saw that Peter was regarding them with one of those intense, but mysterious expressions of the countenance, that had, now, more than once attracted his attention; giving reason, each time, for a feeling in which doubt, curiosity and apprehension were singularly mingled, even in himself.

At the customary hour, which was always early, in that party of simple habits, the whole family

sought its rest; the females withdrew within the *chienté*, while the males arranged their skins without. Ever since the erection of the palisades, le Bourdon had been in the habit of calling Hive within the defences, leaving him at liberty to roam about inside, at pleasure. Previously to this new arrangement, the dog had been shut up in his kennel, in order to prevent his getting on the track of a deer, or in close combat with some bear, when his master was not present to profit by his efforts. As the palisades were too high for his leap, this putting him at liberty within them, answered the double purpose of giving the mastiff room for healthful exercise, and of possessing a most vigilant sentinel against dangers of all sorts. On the present occasion, however, the dog was missing, and after calling and whistling for him some time, the Bee-hunter was fain to bar the gate, and leave him on the outside. This done, he sought his skin, and was soon asleep.

It was midnight, when the Bee-hunter felt a hand on his own arm. It was the corporal, making this movement, in order to awake him. In an instant the young man was on his feet, with his rifle in his hand.

"Did you not hear it, Bourdon?" demanded the corporal, in a tone so low as scarce to exceed a whisper.

"Hear what! I've been sleeping, sound as a bee in winter."

"The horn!—The horn has been blown twice, and, I think, we shall soon hear it again."

"The horn was hanging at the door of the *chienté*, and the conch, too. It will be easy to see if they are in their places."

It was only necessary to walk around the walls of the hut, to its opposite side, in order to ascertain this fact. Le Bourdon did so, accompanied by the corporal, and just as each laid a hand on the instruments, which were suspended in their proper places, a heavy rush was made against the gate, as if to try its fastenings. These pushes were repeated several times, with a violence that menaced the bars. Of course, the two men stepped to the spot, a distance of only a few paces, the gateway of the palisades and the door of the *chienté* being contiguous to each other, and immediately ascertained that it was the mastiff, endeavouring to force his way in. The Bee-hunter admitted the dog, which had been trained

to suppress his bark, though this animal was too brave and large to throw away his breath, when he had better rely on his force. Powerful animals, of this race, are seldom noisy, it being the province of the cur, both among dogs and men, to be blustering and spitting out their venom, at all hours and seasons. Hive, however, in addition to his natural disposition, had been taught, from the time he was a pup, not to betray his presence unnecessarily by a bark; and it was seldom that his deep throat opened beneath the arches of the oaks. When it did, it told like the roaring of the lion in the desert.

Hive was no sooner admitted to the 'garrison,' than he manifested just as strong a desire to get out, as, a moment before, he had manifested to get in. This, le Bourdon well knew, indicated the presence of some thing, or creature, that did not properly belong to the vicinity. After consulting with the corporal, Pigeonswing was called; and leaving him as a sentinel at the gate, the two others made a sortie. The corporal was as brave as a lion, and loved all such movements, though he fully anticipated encountering savages, while his companion expected an interview with bears.

As this movement was made at the invitation of the dog, it was judiciously determined to let him act as pioneer, on the advance. Previously to quitting the defences, however, the two adventurers looked closely to their arms. Each examined the priming, saw that his horn and pouch were accessible, and loosened his knife in its sheath. The corporal, moreover, fixed his "baggonet," as he called the formidable, glittering instrument that usually embellished the end of his musket—a *musket* being the weapon he chose to carry, while the Bee-hunter, himself, was armed with a long, western *rifle*.

CHAPTER V.

The raptures of a conqueror's mood
Rush'd burning through his frame;
The depths of that green solitude
Its torrents could not tame,
Though stillness lay, with eve's last smile,
Round those far fountains of the Nile.

Mrs. Hemans.

When the Bee-hunter and Corporal Flint thus went forth at midnight, from the "garrison" of Castle Meal, (*chateau au miel,*) as the latter would have expressed it, it was with no great apprehension of meeting any other than a four-footed enemy, notwithstanding the blast of the horn the worthy corporal supposed he had heard. The movements of the dog seemed to announce such a result rather than any other, for Hive was taken along as a sort of guide. Le Bourdon, however, did not permit his mastiff to run off wide, but,

having the animal at perfect command, it was kept close to his own person.

The two men first moved towards the grove of the Kitchen, much to Hive's discontent. The dog several times halted, and he whined, and growled, and otherwise manifested his great dislike to proceed in that direction. At length so decided did his resistance become, that his master said to his companion,

"It seems to me best, corporal, to let the mastiff lead us. I have never yet seen him so set on not going in one way, and on going in another. Hive has a capital nose, and we may trust him."

"Forward," returned the corporal, wheeling short in the direction of the dog; "one thing should be understood, however, Bourdon, which is this—you must act as light troops in this sortie, and I as the main body. If we come on the inimy, it will be your duty to skrimmage in front as long as you can, and then fall back on your resarves. I shall depend chiefly on the baggonet, which is the best tool to put an Injin up with; and as he falls back, before my charge, we must keep him under as warm a fire as possible.

Having no cavalry, the dog might be made useful in movements to the front and on our flanks."

"Pooh, pooh, corporal, you're almost as much set in the notions of your trade as Parson Amen is set in his ideas about the lost tribes, In my opinion there'll be more tribes *found* in these openings before the summer is over than we shall wish to meet. Let us follow the dog, and see what will turn up." Hive *was* followed, and he took a direction that led to a distant point in the openings, where, not only the trees were much thicker than common, but where a small tributary of the Kalamazoo ran through a ravine, from the higher lands adjacent into the main artery of all the neighbouring water-courses. The Bee-hunter knew the spot well, having often drank at the rivulet, and cooled his brow in the close shades of the ravine, when heated by exertions in the more open grounds. In short, the spot was one of the most eligible for concealment, coolness, and pure water, within several miles of Castle Meal. The trees formed a spacious grove around it, and, by means of the banks, their summits and leaves answered the purpose of a perfect screen to those who might descend into the ravine, or, it would

be better to say, to the bottom. Le Bourdon was no sooner satisfied that his mastiff was proceeding towards the great spring which formed the rivulet, at the head of the ravine mentioned, than he suspected Indians might be there. He had seen signs about the spot, which wore an appearance of its having been used as a place of encampment—or for "camping out," as it is termed in the language of the West—and, coupling the sound of the horn with the dog's movements, his quick apprehension seized on the facts as affording reasonable grounds of distrust. Consequently he resorted to great caution, as he and the corporal entered the wood which surrounded the spring, and the small oval bit of bottom that lay spread before it, like a little lawn. Hive was kept close at his master's side, though he manifested a marked impatience to advance. "Now, corporal," said the Bee-hunter in a low tone, "I think we have lined some savages to their holes. We will go round the basin and descend to the bottom, in a close wood which grows there. Did you see that?"

"I suppose I did," answered the corporal, who was as firm as a rock—"You meant to ask me if I saw fire?"

"I did. The red men have lighted their council fire in this spot, and have met to talk around it. Well, let 'em hearken to each other's thoughts, if they will; we shall be neither the better nor the worse for it."

"I don't know that. When the commander-in-chief calls together his principal officers, something usually comes of it. Who knows but this very council is called in order to take opinions on the subject of besieging or of storming our new garrison? Prudent soldiers should always be ready for the worst."

"I have no fear, so long as Peter is with us. That chief is listened to by every red skin; and while we have him among us there will be little to care for. But we are getting near to the bottom, and must work our way through these bushes with as little noise as possible. I will keep the dog quiet."

The manner in which that sagacious animal now behaved was truly wonderful. Hive appeared to be quite as much aware of the necessity of extreme caution as either of the men, and did not once attempt to precede his master his own length. On one or two occasions he actually dis-

covered the best passages, and led his companions through them with something like the intelligence of a human being. Neither growl nor bark escaped him; on the contrary, even the hacking breathing of an impatient dog was suppressed, precisely as if the animal knew how near he was getting to the most watchful ears in the world.

After using the greatest care, the Bee-hunter and the corporal got just such a station as they desired. It was within a very few feet of the edge of the cover, but perfectly concealed, while small openings enabled them to see all that was passing in their front. A fallen tree, a relic of somewhat rare occurrence in the Openings of Michigan, even furnished them with a seat, while it rendered their position less exposed. Hive placed himself at his master's side, apparently trusting to other senses than that of sight for his information, since he could see nothing of what was going on in front.

As soon as the two men had taken their stations, and began to look about them, a feeling of awe mingled with their curiosity. Truly, the scene was one so very remarkable and imposing, that it might have filled more intellectual and

better fortified minds with some such sensation. The fire was by no means large, nor was it particularly bright; but sufficient to cast a dim light on the objects within reach of its rays. It was in the precise centre of a bit of bottom land of about half an acre in extent, which was so formed and surrounded, as to have something of the appearance of the arena of a large amphitheatre.—There was one break in the encircling rise of ground, it is true, and that was at a spot directly opposite the station of le Bourdon and his companion, where the rill which flowed from the spring found a passage out toward the more open ground. Branches shaded most of the mound, but the arena itself was totally free from all vegetation but that which covered the dense and beautiful sward with which it was carpeted. Such is a brief description of the natural accessories of this remarkable scene.

But it was from the human actors, and their aspects, occupations, movements, dress, and appearance generally, that the awe which came over both the Bee-hunter and the corporal, had its origin. Of these, near fifty were present, offering a startling force by their numbers alone. Each

man was a warrior, and each warrior was in his paint. These were facts that the familiarity of the two white men with Indian customs rendered only too certain. What was still more striking was the fact that all present appeared to be chiefs; a circumstance which went to show that an imposing body of red men was most likely somewhere in the Openings, and that too at no great distance. It was while observing, and reflecting on all these things, a suspicion first crossed the mind of le Bourdon that this great council was about to be held, at that midnight hour, and so near his own abode, for the purpose of accommodating Peter, whose appearance in the dark crowd, from that instant, he began to expect.

The Indians already present were not seated. They stood in groups, conversing, or stalked across the arena, resembling so many dark and stately spectres. No sound was heard among them, a circumstance that added largely to the wild and supernatural aspect of the scence. If any spoke, it was in a tone so low and gentle, as to carry the sound no further than to the ears that were listening; two never spoke at the same time and in the same group, while the moccasin permitted no foot-

fall to be audible. Nothing could have been more unearthly than the picture presented in that little, wood-circled arena, of velvet-like grass and rural beauty. The erect, stalking forms, half naked, if not even more; the swarthy skins; the faces fierce in the savage conceits which were intended to strike terror in the bosoms of enemies, and the glittering eyes that fairly sparkled in their midst, all contributed to the character of the scene, which le Bourdon rightly enough imagined was altogether much the most remarkable of any he had ever been in the way of witnessing.

Our two spectators might have been seated on the fallen tree half an hour, all of which time they had been gazing at what was passing before their eyes; with positively not a human sound to relieve the unearthly nature of the picture. No one spoke, coughed, laughed, or exclaimed, in all that period. Suddenly, every chief stood still, and all the faces turned in the same direction. It was towards the little gate-way of the rill which being the side of the arena most remote from the Bee-hunter and the corporal, lay nearly in darkness as respected them. With the red men it must have been different, for *they* all appeared to be in

intent expectation of some one from that quarter. Nor did they have to wait long; for, in half a minute, two forms came out of the obscurity, advancing with a dignified and deliberate tread to the centre of the arena—As these new comers got more within the influence of the flickering light, le Bourdon saw that they were Peter and Parson Amen. The first led, with a slow, imposing manner, while the other followed, not a little bewildered with what he saw. It may be as well to explain here, that the Indian was coming alone to this place of meeting, when he encountered the missionary wandering among the oaks, looking for le Bourdon and the corporal, and, instead of endeavouring to throw off this unexpected companion, he quietly invited him to be of his own party.

It was evident to le Bourdon, at a glance, that Peter was expected, though it was not quite so clear that such was the fact as regarded his companion. Still, respect for the great chief prevented any manifestations of surprise, or discontent, and the medicine-man of the pale faces was received with as grave a courtesy as if he had been an invited guest. Just as the two had entered the dark circle that formed around them, a young chief

threw some dry sticks on the fire, which, blazing upward, cast a stronger light on a row of as terrifically looking countenances as ever gleamed on human forms. This sudden illumination, with its accompanying accessories, had the effect to startle all the white spectators, though Peter looked on the whole with a calm like that of the leafless tree, when the cold is at its height, and the currents of the wintry air are death-like still. Nothing appeared to move *him*; whether expected or not; though use had probably accustomed his eye to all the aspects in which savage ingenuity could offer savage forms. He even smiled, as he made a gesture of recognition, which seemed to salute the whole group. It was just then, when the fire burned brightest, and when the chiefs pressed most within its influence, that le Bourdon perceived that his old acquaintances, the head men of the Pottawattamies, were present, among the other chiefs so strangely and portentously assembled in these grounds which he had so long possessed almost entirely to himself.

A few of the oldest chiefs now approached Peter, and a low conversation took place between them. What was said did not reach le Bourdon,

of course; for it was not even heard in the dark circle of savages who surrounded the fire. The effect of this secret dialogue, however, was to cause all the chiefs to be seated, each taking his place on the grass; the whole preserving the original circle round the fire. Fortunately, for the wishes of le Bourdon, Peter and his companions took their stations directly opposite to his own seat, thus enabling him to watch every lineament of that remarkable chief's still more remarkable countenance. Unlike each, and all, of the red men around him, the face of Peter was not painted, except by the tints imparted by nature; which, in his case, was that of copper a little tarnished, or rendered dull by the action of the atmosphere. The Bee-hunter could distinctly trace every lineament; nor was the dark roving eye beyond the reach of his own vision. Some attention was given to the fire, too, one of the youger chiefs occasionally throwing on it a few dried sticks, more to keep alive the flame, and to renew the light than from any need of warmth. One, other purpose, however, this fire *did* answer; that of enabling the young chiefs to light the pipes that were now prepared; it seldom occurring that the

chiefs thus assembled without *smoking* around their council fire.

As this smoking was just then more a matter of ceremony than for any other purpose, a whiff or two sufficed for each chief; the smoker passing the pipe to his neighbour as soon as he had inhaled a few puffs. The Indians are models of propriety in their happiest moods, and every one in that dark and menacing circle was permitted to have his turn with the pipe, before any other step was taken. There were but two pipes lighted, and mouths being numerous, some time was necessary in order to complete this ceremony. Still, no sign of impatience was seen, the lowest chief having as much respect paid to his feelings, as related to this attention, as the highest. At length the pipes completed their circuit, even Parson Amen getting, and using, his turn, when a dead pause succeeded. The silence resembled that of a Quaker meeting, and was broken only by the rising of one of the principal chiefs, evidently about to speak. The language of the great Ojebway nation was used on this occasion, most of the chiefs present belonging to some one of the tribes of that stock, though several spoke

other tongues. English and French included. Of the three whites present, Parson Amen alone fully comprehended all that was said, he having qualified himself in this respect, to preach to the tribes of that people; though le Bourdon understood nearly all, and even the corporal comprehended a good deal. The name of the chief who first spoke at this secret meeting, which was afterwards known among the Ojebways by the name of the "Council of the Bottom Land, near to the spring of gushing water," was Bear's Meat, an appellation that might denote a distinguished hunter, rather than an orator of much renown.

"Brothers of the many tribes of the Ojebways," commenced this personage, "The Great Spirit has permitted us to meet in council. The Manitou of our fathers is now among these oaks, listening to our words, and looking in at our hearts. Wise Indians will be careful what they say in such a presence, and careful of what they think. All should be said and thought for the best. We are a scattered nation, and the time is come when we must stop in our tracks, or travel beyond the sound of each other's cries. If we travel beyond the hearing of our people, soon will our children

learn tongues that Ojebway ears cannot understand. The mother talks to her child, and the child learns her words. But no child can hear across a great lake. Once we lived near the rising sun. Where are we now? Some of our young men say they have seen the sun go down in the lakes of sweet water. There can be no hunting grounds beyond *that* spot; and if we would live, we must stand still in our tracks. How to do this we have met to consider.

"Brothers, many wise chiefs and braves are seated at this council fire. It is pleasant to my eyes to look upon them. Ottawas, Chippeways, Pottawattamies, Menominees, Hurons and all. Our Father at Quebec has dug up the hatchet against the Yankees. The war path is open between Detroit and all the villages of the red men. The prophets are speaking to our people, and we listen. One is here; he is about to speak. The council will have but a single sense, which will be that of hearing."

Thus concluding, Bear's Meat took his seat, in the same composed and dignified manner as that in which he had risen, and deep silence succeeded. So profound was the stillness that, taken

in connection with the dark lineaments, the lustrous eye-balls that threw back the light of the fire, the terrific paint and the armed hands of every warrior present, the picture might be described as imposing to a degree that is seldom seen in the assemblies of the civilized. In the midst of this general but portentous calm, Peter arose. The breathing of the circle grew deeper, so much so as to be audible, the only manner in which the intensity of the common expectation betrayed itself. Peter was an experienced orator, and knew how to turn every minutiæ of his art to good account. His every movement was deliberate, his attitude highly dignified—even his eye seemed eloquent.

Oratory! what a power art thou, wielded, as is so often the case, as much for evil as for good. The very reasoning that might appear to be obtuse, or which would be overlooked entirely when written or published, issuing from the mouth, aided by the feelings of sympathy and the impulses of the masses, seems to partake of the wisdom of divinity. Thus it is, also, with the passions, the sense of wrong, the appeals to vengeance, and all the other avenues of human

emotion. Let them be addressed to the cold eye of reason and judgment, in the form of written statements, and the mind pauses to weigh the force of arguments, the justice of the appeals, the truth of facts; but let them come upon the ear aided by thy art, with a power concentrated by sympathy, and the torrent is often less destructive in its course, than that of the whirlwind that thou canst awaken!

"Chiefs of the great Ojebway nation, I wish you well," said Peter, stretching out his arms towards the circle, as if desirous of embracing all present. "The Manitou has been good to me. He has cleared a path to this spring, and to this council fire. I see around it the faces of many friends. Why should we not all be friendly? Why should a red man ever strike a blow against a red man? The Great Spirit made us of the same colour and placed us on the same hunting-grounds. He meant that we should hunt in company, not take each other's scalps. How many warriors have fallen in our family wars? Who has counted them? Who can say? Perhaps enough, had they not been killed, to drive the pale faces into the sea!"

Here Peter, who as yet had spoken only in a low and barely audible voice, suddenly paused, in order to allow the idea he had just thrown out to work on the minds of his listeners. That it was producing its effect was apparent by the manner in which one stern face turned towards another, and eye seemed to search in eye some response to a query that the mind suggested, though no utterance was given to it with the tongue. As soon, however, as the orator thought time sufficient to impress that thought on the memories of the listeners had elapsed, he resumed, suffering his voice gradually to increase in volume, as he warmed with his subject.

"Yes," he continued, "the Manitou has been very kind. Who is the Manitou? Has any Indian ever seen him? Every Indian has seen him. No one can look on the hunting-grounds, on the lakes, on the prairies, on the trees, on the game, without seeing his hand. His face is to be seen in the sun at noon-day; his eyes in the stars at night. Has any Indian ever heard the Manitou? When it thunders, he speaks. When the crash is loudest, then he scolds. Some Indian has done wrong. Perhaps one red man has taken another red man's scalp!"

Another pause succeeded, briefer, and less imposing than the first, but one that sufficed to impress on the listeners anew the great evil of an Indian's raising his hand against an Indian.

"Yes, there is no one so deaf as not to hear the voice of the Great Spirit when he is angry," resumed Peter. "Ten thousands of buffalo bulls, roaring together, do not make as much noise as his whisper. Spread the prairies, and the openings, and the lakes before him, and he can be heard in all, and on all, at the same time.

"Here is a medicine priest of the pale-faces; he tells me that the voice of the Manitou reaches into the largest villages of his people, beneath the rising sun, when it is heard by the red man across the great lakes, and near the rocks of the setting sun. It is a loud voice; woe to him who does not remember it. It speaks to all colours, and to every people, and tribe, and nation.

"Brothers, that is a lying tradition which says there is one Manitou for a Sac, and another for the Ojebway—one Manitou for the red man, and another for the pale-face. In this, we are alike. One Great Spirit made all; governs all; rewards all; punishes all. He may keep the Happy

Hunting Grounds of an Indian separate from the white man's Heaven, for he knows that their customs are different, and what would please a warrior would displease a trader; and what would please a trader would displease a warrior. He has thought of these things, and has made several places for the spirits of the good, let their colours be what they may. Is it the same with the places of the spirits of the bad? I think not. To me it would seem best to let *them* go together, that they may torment one another. A wicked Indian and a wicked pale-face would make a bad neighbourhood. I think the Manitou will let *them* go together.

"Brothers, if the Manitou keeps the good Indian and the good pale-face apart in another world, what has brought them together in this? If he brings the bad spirits of all colours together in another world, why should they come together here, before their time? A place for wicked spirits should not be found on earth. This is wrong; it must be looked into.

"Brothers, I have now done; this pale-face wishes to speak, and I have said that you would hear his words. When he has spoken his mind,

I may have more to tell you. Now, listen to the stranger. He is a medicine-priest of the white men, and says he has a great secret to tell our people—when he has told it, I have another for their ears, too. Mine must be spoken when there is no one near but the children of red clay."

Having thus opened the way for the missionary, Peter courteously took his seat, producing a little disappointment among his own admirers, though he awakened a lively curiosity what this medicine-priest might have to say on an occasion so portentous. The Indians in the regions of the great lakes had long been accustomed to missionaries, and it is probable that even some of their own traditions, so far as they related to religious topics had been insensibly coloured by, if not absolutely derived from, men of this character: for the first whites who are known to have penetrated into that portion of the continent, were Jesuits, who carried the cross as their standard and emblem of peace. Blessed emblem; that any should so confound their own names and denunciatory practices with the revealed truth, as to imagine that a standard so appropriate should ever be out of season and place, whe it is proper for man to use aught, at

all, that is addressed to his senses, in the way of symbols, rites and ceremonies! To the Jesuits succeeded the less ceremonious and less imposing priesthood of America, as America peculiarly was in the first years that followed the Revolution. There is reason to believe that the spirit of God, in a greater or less degree, accompanied all; for all were self-denying and zealous, though the fruits of near two centuries of labour have, as yet, amounted to little more than the promise of the harvest at some distant day. Enough, however, was known of the missionaries, and their views in general, to prepare the council, in some small degree, for the forthcoming exhibition.

Parson Amen had caught some of the habits of the Indians, in the course of years of communication and intercourse. Like them he had learned to be delibrate, calm and dignified in his exterior; and, like them, he had acquired a sententious mode of speaking.

"My children," he said, for he deemed it best to assume the parental character, in a scene of so great moment, "as Peter has told you, the Spirit of God is among you! Christians know that such has he promised to be always with his people, and

I see faces in this circle that I am ready to claim as belonging to those who have prayed with me, in days that are long past. If your souls are not touched by divine love, it does not kill the hope I entertain of your yet taking up the cross, and calling upon the Redeemer's name. But, not for this, have I come with Peter, this night. I am now here to lay before you an all important fact, that Providence has revealed to me, as the fruit of long labour in the vineyard of study and biblical inquiry. It is a tradition—and red men love traditions—It is a tradition that touches your own history, and which it will gladden your hearts to hear, for it will teach you how much your nation and tribes have been the subject of the especial care and love of the Great Spirit. When my children say speak, I shall be ready to speak."

Here the missionary took his seat, wisely awaiting a demonstration on the part of the council, ere he ventured to proceed any further. This was the first occasion on which he had ever attempted to broach, in a direct form, his favorite theory of the 'lost tribes.' Let a man get once fairly possessed of any peculiar notion, whether it be on religion, political economy, morals, politics, arts, or any

thing else, and he sees little beside his beloved principle, which he is at all times ready to advance, defend, demonstrate, or expatiate on. Nothing can be simpler than the two great dogmas of Christianity, which are so plain that all can both comprehend them and feel their truth. They teach us to love God, the surest way to obey him, and to love our neighbour as ourselves. Any one can understand this; all can see how just it is, and how much of moral sublimity it contains. It is Godlike, and bring us near the very essence of the Divinity, which is love, mercy, and truth. Yet, how few are content to accept the teaching of the Saviour in this respect, without embarrassing them with theories that have so much of their origin in human fancies. We do not mean by this, however, that Parson Amen was so very wrong in bestowing a part of his attention on that wonderful people, who, so early set apart by the Creator as the creatures of his own especial ends, have already played so great a part in the history of nations, and who are designed, so far as we can penetrate revelation, yet to enact their share in the sublime drama of human events.

As for the council, its members were moved by

more than ordinary curiosity to hear what further the missionary might have to say, though all present succeeded admirably in suppressing the exhibition of any interest that might seem weak and womanly. After a decent delay, therefore, Bear's Meat intimated to the parson that it would be agreeable to the chiefs present to listen to him further.

"My children, I have a great tradition to tell you," the missionary resumed, as soon as on his feet again; "a very great and divine tradition; not a tradition of man's, but one that came direct from the Manitou himself. Peter has spoken truth: there is but one Great Spirit; he is the Great Spirit of all colours, and tribes, and nations. He made all men of the same clay." Here a slight sensation was perceptible among the audience, most of whom were very decidedly of a different opinion, on this point of natural history. But the missionary was now so far warmed with his subject as to disregard any slight interruption, and proceeded as if his listeners had betrayed no feeling. "And he divided them afterwards into nations and tribes. It was then that he caused the colour of his creatures to change. Some he

kept white, as he had made them. Some he put behind a dark cloud, and they became altogether black. Our wise men think that this was done in punishment for their sins. Some he painted red, like the nations on this continent." Here Peter raised a finger, in sign that he would ask a question; for, without permission granted, no Indian would interrupt the speaker. Indeed, no one of less claims than Peter would hardly have presumed to take the step he now did, and that because he saw a burning curiosity gleaming in the bright eyes of so many in the dark circle.

"Say on, Peter," answered the missionary to this sign; "I will reply."

"Let my brother say *why* the Great Spirit turned the Indian to a red colour? Was he angry with him? or did he paint him so out of love?"

"That is more than I can tell you, friends. There are many colours among men, in different parts of the world, and many shades among people of the same colour. There are pale-faces fair as the lily, and there are pale-faces so dark, as scarcely to be distinguished from blacks. The sun does much of this; but no sun, nor want of

sun, will ever make a pale-face a red-skin, or a red-skin a pale-face."

"Good—that is what we Indians say. The Manitou has made us different; he did not mean that we should live on the same hunting-grounds," rejoined Peter, who rarely failed to improve every opportunity in order to impress on the minds of his followers the necessity of now crushing the serpent in its shell.

"No man can say that," answered Parson Amen.—"Unless my people had come to this continent, the word of God could not have been preached by me, along the shores of these lakes. But I will now speak of our great tradition. The Great Spirit divided mankind into nations and tribes. When this was done, he picked out one for his chosen people. The pale-faces call that favourite, and for a long time much favoured people, Jews. The Manitou led them through a wilderness, and even through a salt lake, until they reached a promised land, where he permitted them to live for many hundred winters. A great triumph was to come out of that people—the triumphs of truth and of the law, over sin and death. In the course of time——"

Here a young chief rose, made a sign of caution, and crossing the circle rapidly, disappeared by the passage through which the rill flowed. In about a minute he returned, showing the way into the centre of the council to one whom all present immediately recognized as a runner, by his dress and equipments. Important news was at hand; yet not a man of all that crowd either rose or spoke, in impatience to learn what it was!

CHAPTER VI.

Who will believe that, with a smile whose blessing
Would, like the patriarch's, soothe a dying hour;
With voice as low, as gentle, and caressing
As e'er won maiden's lips in moonlit bower;

With look like patient Job's, eschewing evil;
With motions graceful as the birds in air;
Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil
That e'er clinched fingers in a captive's hair?

HALLECK'S *Red-Jacket.*

ALTHOUGH the arrival of the runner was so totally unexpected, it scarcely disturbed the quiet of that grave assembly. His approaching step had been heard, and he was introduced in the manner mentioned, when the young chief resumed his seat, leaving the messenger standing near the centre of the circle, and altogether within the influence of the light. He was an Ottawa, and

had evidently travelled far and fast. At length he spoke: no one having put a single question to him, or betrayed the least sign of impatient curiosity.

"I come to tell the chiefs what has happened," said the runner. "Our Great Father from Quebec has sent his young men against the Yankees. Red warriors, too, were there in hundreds"—here a murmur of interest was slightly apparent among the chiefs—"their path led them to Detroit; it is taken."

A low murmur, expressive of satisfaction, passed round the circle, for Detroit was then the most important of all the posts held by the Americans, along the whole line of the great lakes. Eye met eye in surprise and admiration; then one of the older chiefs yielded to his interest in the subject, and inquired—

"Have our young men taken many pale-face scalps?"

"So few that they are not worth counting. I did not see one pole that was such as an Indian loves to look on."

"Did our young men keep back, and let the warriors from Quebec do all the fighting?"

"No one fought. The Yankees asked to be made prisoners, without using their rifles. Never before have so many captives been led into the villages with so little to make their enemies look on them with friendly eyes."

A gleam of fierce delight passed athwart the dark features of Peter. It is probable that he fell into the same error, on hearing these tidings, as that which so generally prevailed for a short time among the natives of the Old World, at the commencement of both of the two last wars of the republic, when the disasters with which they opened induced so many to fall into the fatal error of regarding Jonathan as merely a "shopkeeper." A shopkeeper, in a certain sense, he may well be accounted; but among his wares are arms, that he has the head, the heart, and the hands to use, as man has very rarely been known to use them before. Even at this very instant, the brilliant success which has rendered the armed citizens of this country the wonder of Europe, is

reacting on the masses of the Old World, teaching them their power, and inciting them to stand up to the regularly armed bands of their rulers, with a spirit and confidence that, hitherto, has been little known in their histories. Happy, thrice happy will it be, if the conquerors use their success in moderation, and settle down into the ways of practical reason, instead of suffering their minds to be led astray in quest of the political jack o' lanterns, that are certain to conduct their followers into the quagmires of impracticable and visionary theories. To abolish abuses, to set in motion the car of state on the track of justice and economy, and to distinguish between that which is really essential to human happiness and human rights, and that which is merely the result of some wild and bootless proposition in political economy, are the great self-imposed tasks that the European people seem now to have assumed; and God grant that they may complete their labours with the moderation and success with which they would appear to have commenced them!

As for Peter, with the curse of ignorance weighing on his mind, it is to be presumed that he fancied his own great task of destroying the whites was so much the lighter, in consequence of the feeble defence of the Yankees at Detroit. The runner was now questioned by the different chiefs for details, which he furnished with sufficient intelligence and distinctness. The whole of that discreditable story is too prominent in history, and of too recent occurrence, to stand in need of repetition here. When the runner had told his tale, the chiefs broke the order of their circle, to converse the more easily concerning the great events which had just occurred. Some were not backward in letting their contempt for the "Yankees" be known. Here were three of their strong places taken, in quick succession, and almost without a blow. Detroit, the strongest of them all, and defended by an army, had fallen in a way to bring the blush to the American face, seemingly leaving the whole of the north-western frontier of the country ravished from the red man, exposed to his incursions and depredations.

"What does my father think of this?" asked Bear's Meat of Peter, as the two stood apart, in a cluster of some three or four of the principal personages present. "Does the news make his heart stronger?"

"It is always strong when this business is before it. The Manitou has long looked darkly upon the red men, but now his face brightens. The cloud is passing from before his countenance, and we can begin again to see his smile. It will be with our sons as it was with our fathers. Our hunting-grounds will be our own, and the buffalo and deer will be plenty in our wigwams. The fire-water will flow after them that brought it into the country, and the red man will once more be happy, as in times past!"

The *ignis fatuus* of human happiness employs all minds, all faculties, all pens, and all theories, just at this particular moment. A thousand projects have been broached, will continue to be broached, and will fail, each in its time, showing the mistakes of men, without remedying the evils of which they complain. This is not

because a beneficent Providence has neglected to enlighten their minds, and to show them the way to be happy, here and hereafter; but because human conceit runs, *pari passu*, with human woes, and we are too proud to look for our lessons of conduct, in that code in which they have been set before us by unerring wisdom and ceaseless love. If the political economists, and reformers, and revolutionists of the age, would turn from their speculations to those familiar precepts which all are taught and so few obey, they would find rules for every emergency; and, most of all, would they learn the great secret which lies so profoundly hid from them and their philosophy, in the contented mind. Nothing short of this will ever bring the mighty reform that the world needs. The press may be declared free, but a very brief experience will teach those who fancy that this one conquest will secure the victory, that they have only obtained King Stork in the lieu of King Log; a vulgar and most hideous tyrant for one of royal birth and gentle manners. They may set up the rule of patriots by profession, in

place of the dominion of those who have so long pretended that the art of governing descends from male to male, according to the order of primogeniture, and live to wonder that love of country should have so many weaknesses in common with love of self. They may rely on written charters for their liberties, instead of the divine right of kings, and come perchance to learn, that neither language, nor covenants, nor signatures, nor seals avail much, as against the necessities of nations, and the policy of rulers. Do we then regard reform as impossible, and society to be doomed to struggle on in its old sloughs of oppression and abuses? Far from it. We believe and hope, that at each effort of a sage character, something is gained, while much more than had been expected is lost; and such we think will continue to be the course of events, until men shall reach that period in their history, when, possibly to their wonder, they will find that a faultless code for the government of all their affairs has been lying neglected, daily and hourly, in their very hands, for eighteen centuries and a half, without

their perceiving the all-important truth. In due season this code will supersede all others, when the world will, for the first time, be happy and truly free.

There was a marked resemblance between the hopes and expectations of Peter, in reference to the overthrow of his pale-face enemies on the American continent, and those of the revolutionists of the Old World in reference to the overthrow of their strongly-entrenched foes on that of Europe. Each fancies success more easy of attainment than the end is likely to show; both overlook the terrible power of their adversaries; and both take the suggestions of a hope that is lively rather than enlightened, as the substitute for the lessons of wisdom.

It was some little time ere the council had so far regained its calm, as to think of inviting the missionary to resume his discourse. The last had necessarily heard the news, and was so much troubled by it, as to feel no great disposition to proceed; but Peter intimating that "the ears of

his friends were open," he was of opinion it would be wisest to go on with his traditions.

"Thus it was, my children," Parson Amen continued, the circle being just as quiet and attentive as if no interruption had occurred—"the Great Spirit, selecting from the nations of the earth, one to be his chosen people. I cannot stop, now, to tell you all he did for this nation, in the way of wonders and power; but finally, he placed them in a beautiful country, where milk and honey abounded, and made them its masters. From that people, in his earthly character, came the Christ whom we missionaries preach to you, and who is the great head of our church. Although the Jews, or Israelites, as we call that people, were thus honoured and thus favoured of the Manitou, they were but men, they had the weaknesses of men. On more than one occasion they displeased the Great Spirit, and that so seriously as to draw down condign punishment on themselves, and on their wives and children. In various ways were they visited for their backslidings and sins, each time repenting and receiving

forgiveness. At length the Great Spirit, tired of their forgetfulness and crimes, allowed an army to come into their land, and to carry away as captives no less than ten of their twelve tribes; putting their people in strange hunting-grounds. Now, this happened many thousands of moons since, and no one can say with certainty what has become of those captives, whom Christians are accustomed to call the 'lost tribes of Israel.'"

Here the missionary paused to arrange his thoughts, and a slight murmur was heard in the circle as the chiefs communed together, in interested comments on what had just been said. The pause, however, was short, and the speaker again proceeded, safe from any ungracious interruption, among auditors so trained in self-restraint.

"Children, I shall not now say anything touching the birth of Christ, the redemption of the world, and the history of the two tribes that remained in the land where God had placed his people; for that is a part of the subject that comes properly within the scope of my ordinary teaching. At present I wish only to speak of your-

selves; of the red man of America, of his probable origin and end, and of a great discovery that many of us think we have made, on this most interesting topic in the history of the good book. Does any one present know aught of the ten lost tribes of whom I have spoken?"

Eye met eye, and expectation was lively among those primitive and untaught savages. At length Crowsfeather arose to answer, the missionary standing the whole time, motionless, as if waiting for a reply.

"My brother has told us a tradition," said the Pottawattamie. "It is a good tradition. It is a strange tradition. Red men love to hear such traditions. It is wonderful that so many as ten tribes should be *lost*, at the same time, and no one know what has become of them! My brother asks us if *we* know what has become of these ten tribes. How should poor red men, who live on their hunting-grounds, and who are busy when the grass grows in getting together food for their squaws and pappooses, against a time when the buffalo can find nothing to eat in this part of the

world, know anything of a people that they never saw? My brother has asked a question that he only can answer. Let him tell us where these ten tribes are to be found, if he knows the place. We should like to go and look at them."

"Here!" exclaimed the missionary, the instant Crowsfeather ceased speaking, and even before he was seated. "Here—in this Council—on these prairies—in these Openings—here, on the shores of the great lakes of sweet water, and throughout the land of America, are these tribes to be found. The red man is a Jew; a Jew is a red man. The Manitou has brought the scattered people of Israel to this part of the world, and I see his power in the wonderful fact. Nothing but a miracle could have done this!"

Great was the admiration of the Indians at this announcement! None of their own traditions gave this account of their origin; but there is reason to believe, on the other hand, that none of them contradict it. Nevertheless, here was a medicine-priest of the pale-faces boldly proclaiming the fact, and great was the wonder of all who

heard, thereat! Having spoken, the missionary again paused, that his words might produce their effect. Bear's Meat now became his interrogator, rising respectfully, and standing during the colloquy that succeeded.

"My brother has spoken a great tradition," said the Menomenee. "Did he first hear it from his fathers?"

"In part, only. The history of the lost tribes has come down to us from our fathers; it is written in the good book of the pale-faces; the book that contains the word of the Great Spirit."

"Does the good book of the pale-faces say that the red men are the children of the people he has mentioned?"

"I cannot say that it does. While the good book tells us so much, it also leaves very much untold. It is best that we should look for ourselves, that we may find out some of its meanings. It is in thus looking, that many Christians see the great truth which makes the Indians of America and the Jews beyond the great salt lake, one and the same people."

"If this be so, let my brother tell us how far it is from our hunting-grounds to that distant land across the great salt lake?"

"I cannot give you this distance in miles exactly; but I suppose it may be eleven or twelve times the length of Michigan."

"Will my brother tell us how much of this long path is water, and how much of it is dry land?"

"Perhaps one-fourth is land, as the traveller may choose; the rest must be water, if the journey be made from the rising towards the setting sun, which is the shortest path; but, let the journey be made from the setting towards the rising sun, and there is little water to cross: rivers and lakes of no great width, as is seen here, but only a small breadth of salt lake."

"Are there, then, two roads to that far off land, where the red men are thought to have once lived?"

"Even so. The traveller may come to this spot from that land by way of the rising sun, or by way of the setting sun."

The genaral movement among the members of the Council denoted the surprise with which this account was received. As the Indians, until they have had much intercourse with the whites, very generally believe the earth to be flat, it was not easy for them to comprehend how a given point could be reached by directly opposite routes. Such an apparent contradiction would be very likely to extort further questions.

"My brother is a medicine-man of the pale-faces; his hairs are gray," observed Crowsfeather. "Some of your medicine-men are good, and some wicked. It is so with the medicine-men of the red skins. Good and bad are to be found in all nations. A medicine-man of your people cheated my young men by promising to show them where fire-water grows. He did not show them. He let them smell, but he did not let them drink. That was a wicked medicine-man. His scalp would not be safe did my young men see it again ——" here the Bee-hunter, insensibly to himself, felt for his rifle, making sure that he had it between his legs; the corporal being a little sur-

prised at the sudden start he gave. "His hair does not grow on his head closer than the trees grow to the ground. Even a tree can be cut down. But all medicine-men are not alike. My brother is a *good* medicine-man. All he says may not be just as he thinks, but he *believes* what he says. It is wonderful how men can look two ways; but it is more wonderful that they should go to the same place by paths that lead before and behind. This we do not understand; my brother will tell us how it can be."

"I believe I understand what it is that my children would know. They think the earth is flat, but the pale-faces know that it is round. He who travels and travels towards the setting sun would come to this very spot, if he travelled long enough. The distance would be great, but the end of every straight path in this world is the place of starting."

"My brother says this. He says many curious things. I have heard a medicine-man of his people say that the pale-faces have seen their Great Spirit, talked with him, walked with him.

It is not so with us Indians. Our Manitou speaks to us in thunder only. We are ignorant, and wish to learn more than we now know. Has my brother ever travelled on that path which ends where it begins? Once, on the prairies, I lost my way. There was snow, and glad was I to find tracks. I followed them tracks. But one traveller had passed. After walking an hour, two had passed. Another hour, and three had passed. Then I saw the tracks were my own, and that I had been walking, as the squaws reason, round and round, but not going ahead."

"I understand my friend, but he is wrong. It is no matter which path them lost tribes travelled to get here. The main question is, whether they came at all. I see in the red men, in their customs, their history, their looks, and even in their traditions, proofs that they are these Jews, once the favoured people of the Great Spirit."

"If the Manitou so well loves the Indians, why has he permitted the pale-faces to take away their hunting-grounds? Why has he made the red man poor, and the white man rich? Brother,

I am afraid your tradition is a lying tradition, or these things would not be so."

"It is not given to men to understand the wisdom that cometh from above. That which seemeth so strange to us may be right. The lost tribes had offended God; and their scattering, and captivity, and punishment, are but so many proofs of his displeasure. But, if lost, we have reason to believe that one day they will be found. Yes, my children, it will be the pleasure of the Great Spirit, one day, to restore you to the land of your fathers, and make you again, what you once were, a great and glorious people!"

As the well-meaning but enthusiastic missionary spoke with great fervour, the announcement of such an event, coming as it did from one whom they respected, even while they could not understand him, did not fail to produce a deep sensation. If their fortunes were really the care of the Great Spirit, and justice was to be done to them by his love and wisdom, then would the projects of Peter, and those who acted and felt with him, be unnecessary, and might lead to evil instead of

to good. That sagacious savage did not fail to discover this truth; and he now believed it might be well for him to say a word, in order to lessen the influence Parson Amen might otherwise obtain among those whom it was his design to mould in a way entirely to meet his own wishes. So intense was the desire of this mysterious leader to execute vengeance on the pale-faces, that the redemption of the tribes from misery and poverty, unaccompanied by this part of his own project, would have given him pain in lieu of pleasure. His very soul had got to be absorbed in this one notion of retribution, and of annihilation for the oppressors of his race; and he regarded all things through a medium of revenge, thus created by his feelings, much as the missionary endeavoured to bend every fact and circumstance, connected with the Indians, to the support of his theory touching their Jewish origin.

When Peter arose, therefore, fierce and malignant passions were at work in his bosom; such as a merciful and a benignant deity never wishes

to see in the breast of man, whether civilized or savage. The self-command of the Tribeless, however, was great, and he so far succeeded in suppressing the volcano that was raging within, as to speak with his usual dignity, and an entire calmness of exterior.

"My brothers have heard what the medicine-man had to say," Peter commenced. "He has told them that which was new to them. He has told them an Indian is not an Indian. That a red man is a pale-face, and that we are not what we thought we were. It is good to learn. It makes the difference between the wise and the foolish. The pale-faces learn more than the red-skins. That is the way they have learned how to get our hunting-grounds. That is the way they have learned to build their villages on the spots where our fathers killed the deer. That is the way they have learned how to come and tell us that we are not Indians, but Jews. I wish to learn. Though old, my mind craves to know more. That I may know more, I will ask this medicine-man questions, and my brothers can

open their ears, and learn a little, too, by what he answers. Perhaps we shall believe that we are not red-skins, but pale-faces. Perhaps we shall believe that our true hunting-grounds are not near the great lakes of sweet water, but under the rising sun. Perhaps we shall wish to go home, and to leave these pleasant Openings for the pale-faces to put their cabins on them, as the small-pox that they have also given to us, puts its sores on our bodies. Brother—" turning towards the missionary—" listen. You say we are no longer Indians, but Jews: is this true of *all* red men, or only of the tribes whose chiefs are *here?*"

" Of *all* red men, as I most sincerely believe. You are now red, but once all of your people were fairer than the fairest of the pale-faces. It is climate, and hardships, and sufferings that have changed your colour."

" If suffering can do *that,*" returned Peter, with emphasis, " I wonder we are not *black.* When *all* our hunting-grounds are covered with the farms of your people, I think we shall be *black.*"

Signs of powerful disgust were now visible among the listeners, an Indian having much of the contempt that seems to weigh so heavily on that unfortunate class, for all of the colour mentioned. At the South, as is known, the red man has already made a slave of the descendants of the children of Africa, but no man has ever yet made a slave of a son of the American forests! *That* is a result which no human power has yet been able to accomplish. Early in the settlement of the country, attempts were indeed *made*, by sending a few individuals to the islands; but so unsuccessful did the experiment turn out to be, that the design was soon abandoned. Whatever may be his degradation, and poverty, and ignorance, and savage ferocity, it would seem to be the settled purpose of the American Indians of our own territories—unlike the aborigines who are to be found further south—to live and die a free man.

"My children," answered the missionary, "I pretend not to say what will happen, except as it has been told to us in the word of God. You

know that we pale-faces have a book, in which the Great Spirit has told us his laws, and foretold to us many of the things that are to happen. Some of these things *have* happened, while some remain *to* happen. The loss of the ten tribes was foretold, and *has* happened; but their being *found* again has not *yet* happened, unless indeed I am so blessed as to be one of those who have been permitted to meet them in these Openings. Here is the book—it goes where I go, and is my companion and friend, by day and by night; in good and evil: in season and out of season. To this book I cling as to my great anchor, that is to carry me through the storms in safety! Every line in it is precious; every word true!"

Perhaps half the chiefs present had seen books before, while those who now laid eyes on one for the first time, had heard of this art of the pale-faces, which enabled them to set down their traditions in a way peculiar to themselves. Even the Indians have their records, however, though resorting to the use of natural signs, and a species of hieroglyphics, in lieu of the more artistical process of

using words and letters, in a systemized written language. The Bible, too, was a book of which all had heard, more or less; though not one of those present had ever been the subject of its influence. A Christian Indian, indeed—and a few of those were to be found even at that day—would hardly have attended a council convened for the objects which had caused this to be convened. Still, a strong but regulated curiosity existed, to see, and touch, and examine the great medicine-book of the pale-faces. There was a good deal of superstition blended with the Indian manner of regarding the sacred volume; some present having their doubts about touching it, even while most excited by admiration, and a desire to probe its secrets.

Peter took the little volume, which the missionary extended as if inviting any one who might so please, to examine it also. It was the first time the wary chief had ever suffered that mysterious book to touch him. Among his other speculations on the subject of the manner in which the white men were encroaching, from year

to year, on the lands of the natives, it had occurred to his mind that this extraordinary volume, which the pale-faces all *seemed* to reverence, even to the drunkards of the garrisons, might contain the great elements of their power. Perhaps he was not very much out of the way in this supposition; though they who use the volume habitually, are not themselves aware, one-half the time, why it is so.

On the present occasion, Peter saw the great importance of not betraying apprehension, and he turned over the pages awkwardly, as one would be apt to handle a book for the first time, but boldly and without hesitation. Encouraged by the impunity that accompanied this hardihood, Peter shook the leaves open, and held the volume on high, in a way that told his own people that he cared not for its charms or power. There was more of seeming than of truth, however, in this bravado; for never before had this extraordinary being made so heavy a draft on his courage and self-command, as in the performance of this simple act. He did not, could not know what

were the virtues of the book, and his imagination very readily suggested the worst. As the great medicine volume of the pale-faces, it was quite likely to contain that which was hostile to the red men; and this fact, so probable in his eyes, rendered it likely that some serious evil to himself might follow from the contact. It did not, however; and a smile of grim satisfaction lighted his swarthy countenance, as, turning to the missionary, he said with point—

"Let my brother open his eyes. I have looked into his medicine-book, but do not see that the red man is anything but a red man. The Great Spirit made him; and what the Great Spirit makes, lasts. The pale-faces have made their book, and it lies."

"No, no—Peter, Peter, thou utterest wicked words! But the Lord will pardon thee, since thou knowest not what thou sayest. Give me the sacred volume, that I may place it next my heart, where I humbly trust so many of its divine precepts are already entrenched."

This was said in English, under the impulse of

feeling, but being understood by Peter, the latter quietly relinquished the Bible, preparing to follow up the advantage he perceived he had gained, on the spot.

"My brother has his medicine-book, again," said Peter, "and the red men live. This hand is not withered like the dead branch of the hemlock; yet it has held his word of the Great Spirit! It may be that a red-skin and a pale-face book cannot do each other harm. I looked into my brother's great charm, but did not see or hear a tradition that tells me we are Jews. There is a bee-hunter in these Openings. I have talked with him. He has told me who these Jews are. He says they are a people who do not go with the pale-faces, but live apart from them, like men with the small-pox. It is not right for my brother to come among the red men, and tell them that their fathers were not good enough to live, and eat, and go on the same paths as his fathers."

"This is all a mistake, Peter—a great and dangerous mistake! The Bee-hunter has heard the Jews spoken of by those who do not sufficiently

read the good book. They have been, and are still, the chosen people of the Great Spirit, and will one day be received back to his favour. Would that I were one of them, only enlightened by the words of the New Testament! No real Christian ever can, or does now despise a son of Israel, whatever has been done in times past. It is an honour, and not a disgrace, to be what I have said my friends are."

"If this be so, why do not the pale-faces let us keep our hunting-grounds to ourselves? We are content. We do not wish to be Jews. Our canoes are too small to cross the great salt lake. They are hardly large enough to cross the great lakes of sweet water. We should be tired of paddling so far. My brother says there is a rich land under the rising sun, which the Manitou gave to the red men? Is this so?"

"Beyond all doubt. It was given to the children of Israel, for a possession for ever; and though you have been carried away from it for a time, there the land still is, open to receive you, and waiting the return of its ancient masters.

In good season that return must come; for we have the word of God for it, in our Christian Bible."

"Let my brother open his ears very wide, and hear what I have to say. We thank him for letting us know that we are Jews. We believe that he thinks what he says. Still, we think we are red men, and Injins, and not Jews. We never saw the place where the sun rises. We do not wish to see it. Our hunting-grounds are nearer to the place where he sets. If the pale-faces believe we have a right to that distant land, which is rich in good things, we will give it to them, and keep these Openings, and prairies, and woods. We know the game of this country, and have found out how to kill it. We do not know the game under the rising sun, which may kill us. Go to your friends and say, 'The Injins will give you that land near the rising sun, if you will let them alone on their hunting-grounds, where they have so long been. They say that your canoes are larger than their canoes, and that one can carry a whole tribe. They have seen some of

your big canoes on the great lakes, and have measured them. Fill all you have got with your squaws and pappooses, put your property in them and go back by the long path through which you came. Then will the red man thank the pale-face and be his friend. The white man is welcome to that far-off land. Let him take it, and build his villages on it, and cut down its trees. This is all the Injins ask. If the pale-faces can take away with them the small-pox and the fire-water, it will be better still. They brought both into this country, it is right that they should take them away. Will my brother tell this to his people?"

"It would do no good. They know that the land of Judea is reserved by God for his chosen people, and they are not Jews. None but the children of Israel can restore that land to its ancient fertility. It would be useless for any other to attempt it. Armies have been there, and it was once thought that a Christian kingdom was set up on the spot; but neither the time nor the people had come. Jews alone can make

Judea what it was, and what it will be again. If my people owned that land, they could not use it. There are also too many of us now, to go away in canoes."

"Did not the fathers of the pale-faces come in canoes?" demanded Peter, a little sternly.

"They did; but since that time their increase has been so great, that canoes enough to hold them could not be found. No: the Great Spirit, for his own wise ends, has brought my people hither; and here must they remain to the end of time. It is not easy to make the pigeons fly south in the spring."

This declaration, quietly but distinctly made, as it was the habit of the missionary to speak, had its effect. It told Peter, and those with him, as plainly as language could tell them, that there was no reason to expect the pale-faces would ever willingly abandon the country, and seemed the more distinctly, in all their uninstructed minds, to place the issue on the armed hand. It is not improbable that some manifestation of feeling

would have escaped the circle, had not an interruption to the proceedings occurred, which put a stop to all other emotions but those peculiar to the lives of savages.

CHAPTER VII.

Nearer the mount stood Moses; in his hand
The rod which blasted with strange plagues the realm
Of Misraim, and from its time-worn channels
Upturned the Arabian Sea. Fair was his broad
High front, and forth from his soul-piercing eye
Did legislation look; which full he fix'd
Upon the blazing panoply undazzled.

HILLHOUSE.

IT often happens in the recesses of the wilderness, that, in the absence of men, the animals hunt each other. The wolves, in particular, following their instincts, are often seen in packs, pressing upon the heels of the antelope, deer, and other creatures of that family, which depend for safety more on their speed than on their horns. On the present occasion, a fine buck, with a pack of fifty wolves close after it, came bounding

through the narrow gorge that contained the rill, and entered the amphitheatre of the bottom-land. Its headlong career was first checked by the sight of the fire; then arose a dark circle of men, each armed and accustomed to the chase. In much less time than it has taken to record the fact, that little piece of bottom-land was crowded with wolves, deer, and men. The headlong impetuosity of the chase and flight had prevented the scent from acting, and all were huddled together, for a single instant, in a sort of inextricable confusion. Brief as was this *mêlée*, it sufficed to allow of a young hunter's driving his arrow through the heart of the buck, and enabled others among the Indians to kill several of the wolves; some with arrows, others with knives, &c. No rifle was used, probably from a wish not to give an alarm.

The wolves were quite as much astonished at this unexpected rencontre, as the Indians. They were not a set of hungry and formidable beasts, that famine might urge to any pass of desperation; but a pack hunting, like gentlemen, for their own amusement. Their headlong speed was checked

less by the crowd of men, than by the sight of fire. In their impetuosity, it is probable that they would have gone clean through five hundred men, but no wild beast will willingly encounter fire. Three or four of the chiefs, aware of this dread, seized brands, and throwing themselves, without care, into the midst of the pack, the animals went howling off, scattered in all directions. Unfortunately for its own welfare, one went directly through the circle, plunged into the thicket beyond, and made its way quite up to the fallen tree, on which the Bee-hunter and the corporal had taken their stations. This was altogether too much for the training, or for the philosophy of Hive. Perceiving a recognized enemy rushing towards him, that noble mastiff met him in a small cleared spot, open-mouthed, and for a few moments a fierce combat was the consequence. Dogs and wolves do not fight in silence, and loud were the growls and yells on this occasion. In vain did le Bourdon endeavour to drag his mastiff off; the animal was on the high road to victory, when it is ever hard to arrest the steps

of the combatant. Almost as a matter of course, some of the chiefs rushed towards the spot, when the presence of the two spectators first became known to them. At the next moment the wolf lay dead at the feet of Hive; and the parties stood gazing at each other, equally taken by surprise, and equally at a loss to know what to do next.

It was perhaps fortunate for the Bee-hunter, that neither Crowsfeather, nor any other of the Pottawattamies, was present at this first rencontre, or he might have fallen on the spot, a victim to their disappointed hopes of drinking at a Whiskey spring. The chiefs present were strangers to le Bourdon, and they stared at him, in a way to show that his person was equally unknown to them. But it was necessary, now, to follow the Indians back to their circle, where the whole party soon collected again, the wolves having gone off on their several routes, to put up some other animal, and run him to death.

During the whole of that excited and tumultuous scene, which would probably now be termed a

"stampede," in the Mexican-Americo-English of the day, Peter had not stirred. Familiar with such occurrences, he felt the importance of manifesting an unmoved calm, as a quality most likely to impress the minds of his companions with a profound sense of his dignity and self-command. While all around him was in a tumult, he stood in his tracks, motionless as a statue. Even the fortitude of the worthy missionary was shaken by the wild tempest that momentarily prevailed; and the good man forgot the Jews in his alarm at wolves, forgot the mighty past, in his apprehensions for the uncomfortable and ill-boding present time. All this, however, was soon over, and order, and quiet, and a dignified calm once more reigned in the circle. Fagots were thrown on the fire; and the two captives, or spectators, stood as near it, the observed of all observers, as the heat rendered comfortable. It was just then that Crowsfeather and his companions first recognized the magician of the Whiskey Spring.

Peter saw the discovery of the two spectators

with some uneasiness. The time had not come when he intended to strike his blow; and he had seen signs among those Pottawattamies, when at the mouth of the river, which had told him how little they were disposed to look with favour on one who had so grievously trifled with their hopes. His first care, therefore, was to interpose his authority and influence between le Bourdon and any project of revenge, which Crowsfeather's young men might be apt to devise, as soon as they too laid eyes on the offender. This was done in a characteristic and wily manner.

"Does my brother love honey?" asked the tribeless chief of the leader of the Pottawattamies present, who sat near him, gazing on le Bourdon much as the cat looks upon the mouse, ere it makes it his prey. "Some Injins are fond of that sweet food: if my brother is one of that sort, I can tell him how to fill his wigwam with honey with little trouble."

At this suggestion, coming from such a source, Crowsfeather could not do less than express his thanks, and his readiness to hear what further

might be in reserve for him. Peter then alluded to le Bourdon's art, describing him as being the most skilful bee-hunter of the West. So great was his art in that way, that no Indian had ever yet seen his equal. It was Peter's intention to make him exercise his craft soon, for the benefit of the chiefs and warriors present, who might then return to their villages, carrying with them stores of honey to gladden the hearts of their squaws and pappooses. This artifice succeeded; for the Indians are not expert in taking this article of food, which so much abounds in the forests, both on account of the difficulty they find in felling the trees, and on account of the "angle-ing" part of the process, which much exceeds their skill in mathematics. On the other hand, the last is just the sort of skill a common white American would be likely to manifest, his readiness and ingenuity in all such processes almost amounting to an instinct.

Having thus thrown his mantle around le Bourdon for the moment, Peter then deemed it the better course, to finish the historical investigation

in which the Council had been so much interested, when the strange interruption by the wolves occurred. With this view, therefore, he rose himself, and recalled the minds of all present to this interesting subject, by a short speech. This he did, especially to prevent any premature attack on the person of le Bourdon.

"Brothers," said this mysterious chief, "it is good for Injins to learn. When they learn a thing, they know it; then they may learn another. It is in this way that the pale-faces do; it makes them wise, and puts it in their power to take away our hunting-grounds. A man that knows nothing is only a child that has grown up too fast. He may be big—may take long steps—may be strong enough to carry burthens—may love venison and buffaloes' humps; but, his size is only in the way; his steps he does not know where to direct; his burthens he does not know how to choose; and he has to beg food of the squaws, instead of carrying it himself to their wigwams. He has not learned how to take game. We must all learn. It is right. When we have

learned how to take game, and how to strike the enemy, and how to keep the wigwam filled, then we may learn traditions. Traditions tell us of our fathers. We have many traditions. Some are talked of even to the squaws. Some are told around the fires of the tribes. Some are known only to the aged chiefs. This is right, too. Injins ought not to say too much, nor too little. They should say what is wise—what is best. But my brother, the medicine-man of the pale faces, says that our traditions have not told us everything. Something has been kept back. If so, it is best to learn that too. If we are Jews, and not Injins, we ought to know it. If we are Injins, and not Jews, our brother ought to know it, and not call us by a wrong name. Let him speak. We listen."

Here Peter slowly resumed his seat. As the missionary understood all that had been said, he next arose, and proceeded to make good, as far as he was able, and in such language as his knowledge of Indian habits suggested, his theory of the lost tribes.

"I wish my children to understand," resumed the missionary, "that it is an honour to be a Jew. I have not come here to lessen the red men in their own eyes, but to do them honour: I see that Bear's Meat wishes to see something; my ears are open, and my tongue is still."

"I thank my brother for the opportunity to say what is on my mind," returned the chief mentioned. "It is true, I have something to say; it is this: I wish to ask the medicine-man if the pale-faces honour and show respect to Jews?"

This was rather an awkward question for the missionary, but he was much too honest to dissemble. With a reverence for truth that proceeded from his reverence for the Father of all that is true, he replied honestly, though not altogether without betraying how much he regretted the necessity of answering at all. Both remained standing while the dialogue proceeded; or, in parliamentary language, each may be said to have had the floor at the same time.

"My brother wishes to know if the pale-paces honour the Jews," returned the missionary. "I

wish I could answer 'yes:' but the truth forces me to say 'no.' The pale-faces have traditions that make against the Jews, and the judgments of God weigh heavy on the Children of Israel. But all good Christians, now, look with friendly eyes on this dispersed and persecuted people, and wish them well. It will give the white men very great pleasure to learn that I have found the lost tribes of Israel in the red men of America."

"Will my brother tell us *why* this will give his people pleasure? Is it because they will be glad to find old enemies, poor, living on narrow hunting-grounds, off which the villages and farms of the pale-faces begin to push them still nearer to the setting sun; and towards whom the small-pox has found a path to go, but none to come from?"

"Nay, nay, Bear's Meat, think not so unkindly of us of the white race! In crossing the great salt lake, and in coming to this quarter of the world, our fathers were led by the finger of God. We do but obey the will of the Great Spirit, in pressing forward into this wilderness, directed by

his wisdom how to spread the knowledge of his name among those who, as yet, have never heard it; or, having heard, have not regarded it. In all this, the wisest men are but babes; not being able to say whither they are to go, or what is to be done."

"This is strange," returned the unmoved Indian. It is not so with the red men. Our squaws and pappooses do know the hunting-ground of one tribe from the hunting-ground of another. When they put their feet on strange hunting-grounds, it is because they *intended* to go there, and to steal game. This is sometimes right. If it is right to take the scalp of an enemy, it is right to get his deer and his buffalo, too. But we never do this without knowing it. If we did, we should be unfit to go at large, unfit to sit in council. This is the first time I have heard that the pale-faces are so weak, and they have such feeble minds, too, that they do not know where they go."

"My brother does not understand me. No man can see into the future—no man can say

what will happen to-morrow. The Great Spirit only can tell. It is for him, then, to guide his children in their wanderings. When our fathers first came out of their canoes upon the land, on this side of the great salt lake, not one among them knew anything of this country between the great lakes of sweet water. They did not know that red men lived here. The Great Spirit did know, and intended then, that I should this night stand up in this council, and speak of his power and of his name, and do him reverence. It was the Great Spirit that put it into my mind to come among the Indians; and it is the Great Spirit who has led me, step by step, as warriors move towards the graves of their fathers, to make the discovery, that the Indians are, in truth, the Children of Israel, a part of his own chosen and once much favoured people. Let me ask my friends one or two questions. Do not your traditions say that your fathers once came from a far-off land?"

Bear's Meat now took his seat, not choosing to answer a question of this nature, in the presence of a chief so much respected as Peter. He pre-

ferred to let the last take up the dialogue where he now saw fit to abandon it. As the other very well understood the reason of this sudden movement, he quietly assumed the office of spokesman; the whole affair proceeding much as if there had been no change.

"Our traditions *do* tell us that our fathers came from a far-off land," answered Peter, without rising.

"I thought so!—I thought so!" exclaimed the simple-minded and confiding missionary. "How wonderful are the ways of God! Yes, my brothers, Judea is a far-off land, and your traditions say that your fathers came from such a distance! This, then, is something proved. Do not your traditions say, that once your tribes were more in favour with the Great Spirit than they are now?"

"Our traditions do say this: Once our tribes did not see the face of the Manitou looking dark upon them, as it now does. That was before the pale-faces came in their big canoes, across the great salt lake, to drive the Indians from their hunting-grounds. It was when the small-pox

had not found the path to their villages. When fire-water was unknown to them, and no Indian had ever burned his throat with it."

"Oh, but I speak of a time much more distant than that. Of a time when your prophets stood face to face with God, and talked with the Creator. Since that day a great change has come over your people. Then your colour was light, like that of the fairest and handsomest of the Circassian race; now, it has become red. When even the colour is changed, it is not wonderful that men should no longer be the same in other particulars. Yes; once all the races of men were of the same colour and origin."

"This is not what our traditions say. We have heard from our fathers that the Great Spirit made men of different colours; some he made light, like the pale-faces; some red, like the Injins; some black, like the pale-faces' slaves. To some he gave high noses; to some low noses; to some flat noses. To the pale-faces he gave eyes of many colours. This is the reason why they see so many things, and in so many different ways. To

the red men he gave eyes of the same colour, and they always see things of the same colour. To a red man there is no change. Our fathers have always been red. This we know. If them Jews, of whom my brother speaks, were ever white, they have not been our fathers. We tell this to the medicine-man, that he may know it, too. We do not wish to lead him on a crooked path, or to speak to him with a forked tongue. What we have said, is so. Now, the road is open to the wigwam of the pale-faces, and we wish them safe on their journey home. We Injins have a council to hold around this fire, and will stay longer."

"At this plain intimation that their presence was no longer desirable, it became necessary for them to depart. The missionary, filled with zeal, was reluctant to go; for, in his eyes, the present communications with the savages promised him not only the conversion of pagans, but the restoration of the Jews! Nevertheless, he was compelled to comply; and when le Bourdon and the corporal took their departure, he turned, and pro-

nounced in a solemn tone the Christian benediction on the assembly. The meaning of this last impressive office was understood by most of the chiefs, and they rose as one man, in acknowledgment.

The three white men, on retiring from the circle, held their way towards Castle Meal. Hive followed his master, having come out of the combat but little injured. As they got to a point, where a last look could be had of the bottom-land of the council, each turned to see what was now in the course of proceeding. The fire glimmered just enough to show the circle of dark faces, but not an Indian spoke or moved. There they all sat, patiently waiting for the moment when the "strangers" might "withdraw" to a sufficient distance, to permit them to proceed with their own private affairs without fear of interruption.

"This has been to me a most trying scene," observed the missionary, as the three pursued their way towards the 'garrison.' "How hard it is to convince men against their wishes! Now, I

am as certain as a man can be, that every one of these Injins is in fact a Jew; and yet, you have seen how small has been my success in persuading them to be of the right way of thinking, on this subject."

"I have always noticed that men stick even to their defects, when they're nat'ral," returned the Bee-hunter.—"Even a nigger will stand up for his colour, and why shouldn't an Injin. You began wrong, parson. Had you just told these chiefs that they were Jews, they might have stood *that*, poor creatures, for they hardly know how mankind looks upon a Jew; but you went to work to skin them, in a lump, making so many poor, wishy-washy pale-faces of all the red-skins, in a body. You and I may fancy a white face better than one of any other colour; but nature colours the eye when it colours the body, and there's not a nigger in America who doesn't think black the pink of beauty."

"Perhaps it was proceeding too fast to say anything about the change of colour, Bourdon. But what can a Christian minister do, unless he

tell the truth? Adam could have been but of one colour; and all the races on earth, one excepted, must have changed from that one colour."

"Ay, and my life on it, that all the races on 'arth believe that one colour to have been just that which has fallen to the luck of each partic'lar shade. Hang me if I should like to be persuaded out of my colour, any more than these Injins. In America, colour goes for a great deal; and it may count for as much with an Injin as among us whites. No, no, parson; you should have begun with persuading these savages into the notion that they're Jews; if you could get along with *that*, the rest might be all the easier."

"You speak of the Jews, not as if you considered them a chosen people of the Lord, but as a despised and hateful race. This is not right, Bourdon. I know that Christians are thus apt to regard them; but it does not tell well for their charity or their knowledge."

"I know very little about them, Parson Amen; not being certain of ever having seen a Jew in my life. Still, I will own that I have a sort of

grudge against them, though I can hardly tell you why. Of one thing I feel certain—no man breathing should ever persuade me into the notion that *I'm* a Jew, lost or found; ten tribes or twenty. What say you, corporal, to this idee?"

"Just as you say, Bourdon. Jews, Turks, and Infidels, I despise: so was I brought up, and so I shall remain."

"Can either of you tell me *why* you look, in this uncharitable light, on so many of your fellow-creatures? It cannot be Christianity, for such is not its teachings or feelings. Nor is either of you very remarkable for his observance of the laws of God, as they have been revealed to Christian people. *My* heart yearns towards these Injins, who are Infidels, instead of entertaining any of the feelings that the corporal has just expressed."

"I wish there were fewer of them, and that them few were farther from Castle Meal," put in le Bourdon, with point. "I have known all along that Peter meant to have a great council; but will own, now that I have seen something of

it, I do not find it quite as much to my mind as I had expected it would be."

"There's a strong force on 'em," said the corporal, "and a hard set be they to look at. When a man's a young soldier, all this paint, and shaving of heads, and rings in noses and ears, makes some impression; but a campaign or two ag'in the fellows soon brings all down to one colour and one uniform, if their naked hides can be so called. I told 'em off, Bourdon, and reconn'itred 'em pretty well, while they was a making speeches; and, in my judgment, we can hold good the garrison ag'in 'em all, if so be we do not run short of water. Provisions and water is what a body may call fundamentals, in a siege."

"I hope we shall have no need of force—nay, I feel persuaded there will not be," said Parson Amen. "Peter is our friend, and his command over these savages is wonderful! Never before have I seen red men so completely under the control of a chief. Your men at Fort Dearborn, corporal, were scarcely more under the orders of

their officers, than these red-skins are under the orders of this chief!"

"I will not go to compare rig'lars with Injins, Mr. Parson," answered the corporal, a little stiffly. "They be not of the same natur' at all, and ought not to be put on a footing, in any partic'lar. These savages may obey their orders, after a fashion of their own; but I should like to see them manœuvre under fire. I've fit Injins fourteen times, in my day, and have never seen a decent line, or a good, honest, manly, stand-up charge, made by the best among 'em, in any field, far or near. Trees and covers is necessary to their constitutions, just as sartain as a deer chased will take to water to throw off the scent. Put 'em up with the baggonet, and they'll not stand a minute."

"How should they, corporal," interrupted le Bourdon, laughing, "when they've got no baggonets of their own to make a stand with? You put one in mind of what my father used to say. He was a soldier in revolution times, and sarved his seven years with Washington. The English used to boast that the Americans wouldn't 'stand up to

the rack,' if the baggonet was set to work; 'but this was before we got our own tooth-picks,' said the old man. 'As soon as they gave *us* baggonets, too, there was no want of standing up to the work.' It seems to me, corporal, you overlook the fact that Injins carry no baggonets."

"Every army uses its own weapons. If an Injin prefers his knife and his tomahawk to a baggonet, it is no affair of mine. I speak of a charge as I see it; and the soldier who relies on a tomahawk instead of a baggonet, should stand in his tracks, and give tomahawk play. No, no, Bourdon, seeing is believing. These red-skins can do nothing with our people, when our people is properly regimented, well officered, and thoroughly drilled. They're skeary to new beginners—*that* I must acknowledge—but beyond that I set them down as nothing remarkable as military men."

"Good or bad, I wish there were fewer of them, and that they were farther off. This man Peter is a mystery to me; sometimes he seems quite friendly; then, ag'in, he appears just ready to

take all our scalps. Do you know much of his past history, Mr. Amen?"

"Not as much as I wish I did," the missionary replied. "No one can tell me aught concerning Peter, beyond the fact of his being a sort of a prophet, and a chief of commanding influence. Even his tribe is unknown; a circumstance that points us to the ancient history of the Jews for the explanation. It is my own opinion that Peter is of the race of Aaron, and that he is designed by Divine Providence to play an important part in the great events on which we touch. All that is wanting is, to persuade *him* into this belief, himself. Once persuade a man that he is intended to be something, and your work is half done to your hands. But the world is so full of ill-digested and random theories, that truth has as much as it can do to obtain a sober and patient hearing!"

Thus is it with poor human nature. Let a man get a crotchet into his head, however improbable it may be, however little supported by reason or fact, however ridiculous, indeed; and he becomes

indisposed to receive any evidence but that which favours his theory; to see any truths but such as he fancies will harmonize with *his* truths; or to allow of any disturbing causes in the great workings of his particular philosophy. This notion of Parson Amen's concerning the origin of the North American savage did not originate with that simple-minded enthusiast, by any means. In this way are notions formed and nurtured. The missionary had read somewhat concerning the probability that the American Indians were the lost tribes of Israel; and, possessed with the idea, everything he saw was tortured into evidence in support of his theory. There is just as much reason for supposing that any, and all, of the heathen savages that are scattered up and down the earth have this origin, as to ascribe it to our immediate tribes; but to this truth the good parson was indifferent, simply because it did not come within the circle of his particular belief.

Thus, too, was it with the corporal. Unless courage, and other military qualities, were manifested precisely in the way in which *he* had been

trained, they were not courage and military qualities at all. Every virtue has its especial and conventional accessories, according to this school of morals; nothing of the sort remaining as it came from above, in the simple abstract qualities of right and wrong. On such feelings and principles as these, do men get to be dogmatical, narrow-minded, and conceited!

Our three white men pursued their way back to the "garrison," conversing as they went, much in the manner they did in the dialogue we have just recorded. Neither Parson Amen nor the corporal seemed to apprehend anything, notwithstanding the extraordinary scene in which one had been an actor, and of which the other had been a witness. Their wonder and apprehensions, no doubt, were much mitigated by the fact, that it was understood Peter was to meet a large collection of the chiefs in the Openings, and the minds of all were, more or less, prepared to see some such assemblage as had that night got together. The free manner in which the mysterious chief led the missionary to the circle was, of itself,

some proof that *he* did not desire concealment; and even le Bourdon admitted, when they came to discuss the details, that this was a circumstance that told materially in favour of the friendliness of his intentions. Still, the Bee-hunter had his doubts; and most sincerely did he wish that all in Castle Meal, Blossom in particular, were safe within the limits of civilized settlements.

On reaching the "garrison," all was safe. Whiskey Centre watched the gate, a sober man, now, perforce, if not by inclination; for being in the Openings, in this respect, is like being at sea with an empty spirit-room. He was aware that several had passed out, but was surprised to learn that Peter was of the number. That gate Peter had not passed, of a certainty; and how else he could quit the palisades was not easily understood. It was possible to climb over them, it is true; but the feat would be attended with so great an exertion, and would be so likely to lead to a noise which would expose the effort, that all had great difficulty in believing a man so dignified and reserved in manner as this mysterious chief,

would be apt to resort to such means of quitting the place.

As for the Chippewa, Gershom reported his return a few minutes before; and the Bee-hunter entered, to look for that tried friend, as soon as he learned the fact. He found Pigeonswing laying aside his accoutrements, previously to lying down to take his rest.

"So, Chippewa, *you* have come back, have you!" exclaimed le Bourdon. "So many of your red-skin brethren are about, that I didn't expect to see you again, for these two or three days."

"No want to eat den, eh? How you all eat, if hunter don't do he duty? S'pose squaw don't cook vittles, you no like it, eh? Juss so wid hunter—no *kill* vittles, don't like it nudder."

"This is true enough. Still, so many of your people are about, just now, that I thought it probable you might wish to remain outside with them for a day or two."

"How know red man about, eh? You *see* him —you *count* him, eh?"

"I have seen something like fifty, and may say

I counted that many. They were all chiefs, however, and I take it for granted, a goodly number of common warriors are not far off. Am I right, Pigeonswing?"

"S'pose don't know—den, can't tell. Only tell what he know."

"Sometimes an Injin *guesses*, and comes as near the truth as a white man who has seen the thing with his own eyes."

Pigeonswing made no answer; though le Bourdon fancied, from his manner, that he had really something on his mind, and that, too, of importance, which he wished to communicate.

"I think you might tell me some news that I should like to hear, Chippewa, if you was so minded."

"Why you stay here, eh?" demanded the Indian, abruptly. "Got plenty honey—bess go home, now. Always bess go home, when hunt up. Home good place, when hunter well tired."

"My home is here in the Openings, Pigeonswing. When I go into the settlements, I do little but loaf about among the farm-houses on

the Detroit river, having neither squaw nor wigwam of my own to go to. I like this place well enough, if your red brethren will let me keep it in peace."

"Dis bad place for pale-face, juss now. Better go home, dan stay in Openin'. If don't know short path to Detroit, I show you. Bess go, soon as can; and bess go *alone*. No good to be trouble wid squaw, when in hurry."

The countenance of le Bourdon changed at this last intimation; though the Indian might not have observed it in the darkness. After a brief pause, the first answered in a very determined way,

"I believe I understand you, Chippewa," he said. "I shall do nothing of the sort, however. If the squaws can't go too, I shall not quit them. Would you desert *your* squaws because you thought them in trouble?"

"An't your squaw yet. Bess not have squaw, at all, when Openin' so full of Injin. Where you t'ink is two buck I shoot dis mornin', eh? Skin 'em, cut 'em up, hang 'em on tree, where wolf

can't get 'em. Well, go on arter anudder; kill *him*, too. Dere he is, inside of palisade, but no tudder two. He bot' gone, when I get back to tree. Two good buck as ever see! How you like dat, eh?"

"I care very little about it, since we have food enough, and are not likely to want. So the wolves got your venison from the trees, after all your care; ha! Pigeonswing."

"Wolf don't touch him—wolf *can't* touch him. Moccasin been under tree. See him mark. Bess do as I tell you; go home, soon as ever can. Short path to Detroit; an't two hundred pale-face mile."

"I see how it is, Pigeonswing; I see how it is, and thank you for this hint, while I honour your good faith to your own people. But I cannot go to Detroit, in the first place, for that town and fort have fallen into the hands of the British. It might be possible for a canoe to get past in the night, and to work its way through into Lake Erie; but I cannot quit my friends. If you can put us *all* in the way of getting away from this

spot, I shall be ready to enter into the scheme. Why can't we all get into the canoe, and go down stream, as soon as another night sets in? Before morning we could be twenty miles on our road."

"No do any good," returned Pigeonswing, coldly. "If can't go alone, can't go at all. Squaw no keep up, when so many be on trail. No good to try canoe. Catch you in two day—p'raps one. Well, I go to sleep—can't keep eye open all night."

Hereupon, Pigeonswing coolly repaired to his skins, lay down, and was soon fast asleep. The Bee-hunter was fain to do the same, the night being now far advanced; but he lay awake a long time, thinking of the hint he had received, and pondering on the nature of the danger which menaced the security of the family. At length, sleep asserted its power over even him, and the place lay in the deep stillness of night.

CHAPTER VIII.

And stretching out, on either hand,
O'er all that wide and unshorn land,
Till weary of its gorgeousness,
The aching and the dazzled eye
Rests, gladden'd, on the calm blue sky.

WHITTIER.

No other disturbance occurred in the course of that night. With the dawn, le Bourdon was again stirring; and as he left the palisades to repair to the run, in order to make his ablutions, he saw Peter returning to Castle Meal. The two met; but no allusion was made to the manner in which the night had passed. The chief paid his salutations courteously; and, instead of repairing to his skins, he joined le Bourdon, seemingly as little inclined to seek for rest as if just arisen

from his lair. When the Bee-hunter left the spring, this mysterious Indian, for the first time, spoke of business.

"My brother wanted to-day to show Injin how to find honey," said Peter, as he and Bourdon walked towards the palisades, within which the whole family was now moving. "I nebber see honey find, myself, ole as I be."

"I shall be very willing to teach your chiefs my craft," answered the Bee-hunter, "and this so much the more readily, because I do not expect to prac*tyse* it much longer, myself; not in this part of the country, at least."

"How dat happen?—expec' go away soon?" demanded Peter, whose keen, restless eye would, at one instant, seem to read his companion's soul, and then would glance off to some distant object, as if conscious of its own startling and fiery expression. "Now Brish got Detroit, where my broder go? Bess stay here, I t'ink."

"I shall not be in a hurry, Peter; but my season will soon be up, and I must get ahead of the bad weather, you know, or a bark canoe will

have but a poor time of it on Lake Huron. When am I to meet the chiefs, to give them a lesson in finding bees?"

"Tell by-'em-by. No hurry for dat. Want to sleep fuss. See so much better, when I open eye. So you t'ink of making journey on long path. If can't go to Detroit, where can go to?"

"My proper home is in Pennsylvany, on the other side of Lake Erie. It is a long path, and I'm not certain of getting safely over it in these troubled times. Perhaps it would be best for me, however, to shape at once for Ohio; if in that state I might find my way round the end of Erie, and so go the whole distance by land."

The Bee-hunter said this, by way of throwing dust into the Indian's eyes, for he had not the least intention of travelling in the direction named. It is true, it was *his* most direct course, and the one that prudence would point out to him, under all the circumstances, had he been alone. But le Bourdon was no longer alone, in heart and feelings, at least. Margery now mingled with all his views for the future; and he

could no more think of abandoning her in her present situation, than he could of offering his own person to the savages for a sacrifice. It was idle to think of attempting such a journey in company with the females, and most of all to attempt it in defiance of the ingenuity, perseverance, and hostility of the Indians. The trail could not be concealed; and, as for speed, a party of the young men of the wilderness would certainly travel two miles to Margery's one.

Le Bourdon, notwithstanding Pigeonswing's remonstrances, still had his eye on the Kalamazoo. He remembered the saying, "That water leaves no trail," and was not without hopes of reaching the lake again, where he felt he should be in comparative security; his own canoe, as well as that of Gershom, being large, well fitted, and not altogether unsuited to those waters, in the summer months. As it would be of the last importance, however, to get several hours' start of the Indians, in the event of his having recourse to such a mode of flight, it was of the utmost importance also to conceal his intentions, and, if possible, to

induce Peter to imagine his eyes were turned in another direction.

"Well, s'pose go dat way," answered the chief, quietly, as if suspecting no artifice. "Set 'bout him by-'em-by. To-day muss teach Injin how to find honey. Dat make him good friend; and maybe he help my pale-face broders back to deir country. Been better for ebberybody, if none come here, at all."

Thus ended the discourse for that moment. Peter was not fond of much talking, when he had not his great object in view, but rather kept his mind occupied in observation. For the next hour, every one in and about Castle Meal was engaged in the usual morning avocations, that of breaking their fasts included; and then it was understood that all were to go forth to meet the chiefs, that le Bourdon might give a specimen of his craft.

One, ignorant of the state of political affairs on the American continent, and who was not aware of the vicinity of savages, would have seen nothing that morning, as the party proceeded on

its little excursion, in and around that remote spot, but a picture of rural tranquillity and peace. A brighter day never poured its glories on the face of the earth; and the openings, and the glades, and even the dark and denser forests, were all bathed in the sun-light, as that orb is known to illuminate objects in the softer season of the year, and in the forty-third degree of latitude. Even the birds appeared to rejoice in the beauties of the time, and sang and fluttered among the oaks, in numbers greater than common. Nature usually observes a stern fitness in her adaptation of means to ends. Birds are to be found in the forests, on the prairies, and in the still untenanted openings of the West—and often in countless numbers; more especially those birds which fly in flocks, and love the security of unoccupied regions—unoccupied by man is meant—wherein to build their nests, obey the laws of their instincts, and fulfil their destinies. Thus, myriads of pigeons, and ducks, and geese, &c., are to be found in the virgin woods, while the companionable and friendly robin, the little melo-

dious wren, the thrush, the lark, the swallow, the marten, and all those pleasant little winged creatures, that flit about our dwellings and grounds, and seem to be sent by Providence, expressly to chant their morning and evening hymns to God in our ears, most frequent the peopled districts. It has been said by Europeans that the American birds are mute, in comparison with those of the Old World. This is true, to a certain extent, as respects those which are properly called forest birds, which do, in general, appear to partake of the sombre character that marks the solemn stillness of their native haunts. It is not true, however, with the birds which live in our fields, and grounds, and orchards, each of which sings its song of praise, and repeats its calls and its notes, as richly and as pleasantly to the ear, as the birds of other lands. One large class, indeed, possesses a faculty that enables it to repeat every note it has ever heard, even to some of the sounds o quadrupeds. Nor is this done in the discordant tones of the parrot; but in octaves, and trills, and in rich contraltos, and all the other

pleasing intonations known to the most gifted of the feathered race. Thus it is, that one American mocking-bird can outsing all the birds of Europe, united.

It seemed that morning as if every bird that was accustomed to glean its food from the neighbourhood of Castle Meal was on the wing, and ready to accompany the party that now sallied forth to catch the bee. This party consisted of le Bourdon, himself, as its chief and leader; of Peter, the missionary, and the corporal. Margery, too, went along; for, as yet, she had never seen an exhibition of Boden's peculiar skill. As for Gershom and his wife, they remained behind, to make ready the noon-tide meal; while the Chippewa took his accoutrements, and again sallied out on a hunt. The whole time of this Indian appeared to be thus taken up; though, in truth, venison and bear's meat both abounded, and there was much less necessity for those constant efforts than he wished to make it appear. In good sooth more than half his time was spent in making those observations, which had led to the

advice he had been urging on his friend, the Bee-hunter, in order to induce him to fly. Had Pigeonswing better understood Peter, and had he possessed a clearer insight into the extent and magnitude of his plans of retributive vengeance, it is not probable his uneasiness, at the moment, would have been so great, or the urgency for an immediate decision on the part of le Bourdon, would have appeared as urgently pressing as it now seemed to be.

The Bee-hunter took his way to a spot that was at some distance from his habitation, a small prairie of circular form, that is now generally known in that region of the country, by the name of Prairie Round. Three hours were necessary to reach it, and this so much the more, because Margery's shorter steps were to be considered. Margery, however, was no laggard on a path. Young, active, light of foot, and trained in exertions of this nature, her presence did not probably retard the arrival many minutes.

The extraordinary part of the proceedings was the circumstance, that the Bee-hunter did not

tell any one whither he was going, and that Peter did not appear to care about putting the question to him. Notwithstanding this reserve on one side, and seeming indifference on the other, when the party reached Prairie Round, every one of the chiefs who had been present at the council of the previous night, was there before it. The Indians were straggling about, but remained sufficiently near the point where the Bee-hunter and his followers reached the prairie, to assemble around the group in a very few minutes after it made its appearance. All this struck le Bourdon as fearfully singular, since it proved how many secret means of communication existed between these savages. That the inmates of the habitations were closely observed, and all their proceedings noted, he could not but suspect, even before receiving this proof of Peter's power; but he was not aware until now, how completely he and all with him were at the mercy of these formidable foes. What hope could there be for escape, when hundreds of eyes were thus watching their movements, and every thicket had its sagacious

sentinel? Yet, must flight be attempted, in some way or other, or Margery and her sister would be hopelessly lost, to say nothing of himself and the three other men.

But the appearance of the remarkable little prairie that he had just reached, and the collection of chiefs, now occupied all the present thoughts of le Bourdon. As for the first, it is held in repute, even at the present hour, as a place that the traveller should see, though covered with farms, and the buildings that belong to husbandry. It is still visited as a picture of ancient civilization, placed in the setting of a new country. It is true that very little of this part of Michigan wears much, if any, of that aspect of a rough beginning, including stubs, stumps, and circled trees, that it has so often fallen to our share to describe. There *are* dense forests, and those of considerable extent; and wherever the axe is put into *them*, the progress of improvement is marked by the same steps as elsewhere; but the lovely Openings form so many exceptions, as almost to compose the rule.

On Prairie Round there was even a higher stamp of seeming civilization—seeming, since it was nature, after all, that had mainly drawn the picture. In the first place, the spot had been burnt so recently, as to leave the entire expanse covered with young grasses and flowers, the same as if it were a well-kept park. This feature, at that advanced period of the summer, was in some degree accidental, the burning of the prairies depending more or less on contingencies of that sort. We have now less to do with the cause, than with its consequences. These were most agreeable to the eye, as well as comfortable to the foot, the grass nowhere being of a height to impede movement, or what was of still more importance to le Bourdon's present pursuit, to overshadow the flowers. Aware of this fact, he had led his companions all that distance, to reach this scene of remarkable rural beauty, in order that he might make a grand display of his art, in presence of the assembled chiefs of that region. The Bee-hunter had pride in his craft, the same as any other skilful workman who had gained a

reputation by his cunning, and he now trode the prairie with a firmer step, and a more kindling eye, than was his wont, in the commoner haunts of his calling. Men were there whom it might be an honour to surprise, and pretty Margery was there also, she who had so long desired to see this very exhibition.

But, to revert once more to the prairie, ere we commence the narrative of what occurred on it! This well-known area is of no great extent, possessing a surface about equal to that of one of the larger parks of Europe. Its name was derived from its form, which, without being absolutely regular, had so near an approach to a circle as to justify the use of the appellation. The face of this charming field was neither waving, or what is called "rolling," nor a dead flat, as often occurs with river bottoms. It had just enough of undulation to prevent too much moisture, and to impart an agreeable variety to its plain. As a whole, it was clear of the forest; quite as much so as if the axe had done its work there a thousand years before, though wood was not wanting. On the

contrary, enough of the last was to be seen, in addition to that which formed the frame of this charming landscape, to relieve the view from all appearance of monotony, and to break it up into copses, thickets, trees in small clusters, and in most of the varieties that embellish native scenery. One who had been unexpectedly transferred to the spot might well have imagined that he was looking on the site of some old and long-established settlement, from which every appliance of human industry had been suddenly and simultaneously abstracted. Of houses, outbuildings, fences, stacks, and husbandry, there were no signs; unless the even and verdant sward, that was spread like a vast carpet, sprinkled with flowers, could have been deemed a sign of the last. There were the glades, vistas, irregular lawns, and woods, shaped with the pleasing outlines of the free hand of nature, as if consummate art had been endeavouring to imitate our great mistress in one of her most graceful moods.

The Indians present served largely to embellish this scene. Of late years, horses have become so

common among the western tribes, the vast natural meadows of those regions furnishing the means necessary to keep them, that one can now hardly form a picture of those savages, without representing them mounted, and wielding the spear; but such was not the fact with the time of which we are writing, nor was it ever the general practice to go mounted, among the Indians in the immediate vicinity of the great lakes. Not a hoof of any sort was now visible, with the exception of those which belonged to a herd of deer, that were grazing on a favourite spot, less than a league distant from the place where le Bourdon and his companions reached the prairie. All the chiefs were on foot, and very few were equipped with more than the knife and tomahawk, the side-arms of a chief; the rifles having been secreted, as it might be, in deference to the festivities and peaceful character of the occasion. As le Bourdon's party was duly provided with rifles, the missionary and Margery excepted, this was a sign that no violence was contemplated on that occasion at least. "Contemplated," how-

ever, is a word very expressive, when used in connection with the outbreakings of human passions, as they are wont to exhibit themselves among the ignorant and excited. It matters not whether the scene be the capital of some ancient European monarchy, or the wilds of America, the workings of such impulses are much the same. Now, a throne is overturned, perhaps, before they who do it are yet fully aware of what they ought to set up in its place; and now the deadly rifle, or the murderous tomahawk is used, more in obedience to the incentives of demons, than in furtherance of justly recognised rules of conduct. Le Bourdon was aware of all this, and did not so far confide in appearances, as to overlook the watchfulness that he deemed indispensable.

The Bee-hunter was not long in selecting a place to set up his apparatus. In this particular, he was mainly governed by a lovely expanse of sweet-scented flowers, among which bees in thousands were humming, sipping of their precious gifts at will. Le Bourdon had a care, also, not to go far from the forests which encircled the

prairies, for among its trees he knew he had to seek the habitations of the insect. Instead of a stump, or a fallen tree, he had prepared a light frame-work of lath, which the corporal bore to the field for him, and on which he placed his different implements, as soon as he had selected the scene of operations.

It will not be necessary for us to repeat the process, which has already been described in our opening chapters; but we shall only touch such parts of it as have a direct connection with the events of the legend. As le Bourdon commenced his preparations, however, the circle of chiefs closed around him, in mute but close attention to everything that passed. Although every one of them had heard of the bee-hunters of the pale-faces, and most of them had heard of this particular individual of their number, not an Indian present had ever seen one of these men practise his craft. This may seem strange, as respects those who so much roamed the woods; but we have already remarked that it exceeded the knowledge of the red man to make the calculations

that are necessary to take the bee by the process described. Usually, when he obtains honey, it is the result of some chance-meeting in the forest, and not the fruits of that far-sighted and persevering industry, which enables the white man to lay in a store large enough to supply a neighbourhood, in the course of a few weeks' hunting.

Never was a juggler watched with closer attention, than was le Bourdon, while setting up his stand, and spreading his implements. Every grave, dark countenance was turned towards him, and each keen glistening eye was riveted on his movements. As the vessel with the comb was set down, the chiefs nearest recognizing the substance, murmured their admiration; for to them it seemed as if the operator were about to make honey with honey. Then the glass was a subject of surprise; for half of those present had never seen such an utensil before. Though many of the chiefs present had visited the "garrisons" of the north-west, both American and English, many had not; and, of those who had, not one in ten had got any clear idea of the commonest appli-

ances of civilized life. Thus it was, then, that almost every article used by the Bee-hunter, though so simple and homely, was the subject of a secret, but well-suppressed admiration.

It was not long ere le Bourdon was ready to look for his bee. The insects were numerous on the flowers, particularly on the white clover, which is indigenous in America, springing up spontaneously wherever grasses are permitted to grow. The great abundance of the bees, however, had its usual effect, and our herb was a little difficult to please. At length, a fine, and already half-loaded little animal was covered by the glass, and captured. This was done so near the group of Indians, that each and all noted the process. It was curious, and it was inexplicable! Could the pale-faces compel bees to reveal the secret of their hives, and was that encroaching race about to drive all the insects from the woods and seize their honey, as they drove the Indians before them and seized their lands? Such was the character of the thoughts that passed through the minds of more than one chief, that morn-

ing, though all looked on in profound stillness.

When the imprisoned bee was put over the comb, and le Bourdon's cap was placed above all, these simple-minded children of the woods and the prairies gazed, as if expecting a hive to appear beneath the covering, whenever the latter should be removed. It was not long before the bee "settled," and not only the cap, but the tumbler was taken away. For the first time since the exhibition commenced, le Bourdon spoke, addressing himself to Peter.

"If the tribeless chief will look sharply," he said, "he will soon see the bee take flight. It is filling itself with honey, and the moment it is loaded—look—look—it is about to rise—there, it is up—see it circling around the stand, as if to take a look that it may know it again—there it goes!"

There it did go, of a truth, and in a regular bee-line, or as straight as an arrow. Of all that crowd, the Bee-hunter and Margery alone saw the insect in its flight. Most of those present lost sight of

it, while circling around the stand; but the instant it darted away, to the remainder it seemed to vanish into air. Not so with le Bourdon and Margery, however. The former saw it from habit; the latter from a quick eye, intense attention, and the wish not to miss anything that le Bourdon saw fit to do, for her information or amusement. The animal flew in an air-line towards a point of wood distant fully half-a-mile, and on the margin of the prairie.

Many low exclamations arose among the savages. The bee was gone, but whither they knew not, or on what errand. Could it have been sent on a message by the pale-face, or had it flown off to give the alarm to its companions, in order to adopt the means of disappointing the Bee-hunter? As for the last, he went coolly to work to choose another insect; and he soon had three at work on the comb—all in company, and all uncovered. Had the number anything to do with the charm, or were these three to be sent to bring back the one that had already gone away? Such was the sort of reasoning, and such the

queries put to themselves, by several of the stern children of nature who were drawn up around the stand.

In the mean time le Bourdon proceeded with his operations in the utmost simplicity. He now called Peter and Bear's Meat and Crowsfeather nearer to his person, where they might share with Margery the advantage of more closely seeing all that passed. As soon as these three chiefs were near enough, Ben pointed to one bee in particular, saying in the Indian dialect—

"My brothers see that bee in the centre—he is about to go away. If he go after the one that went before him, I shall soon know where to look for honey."

"How can my brother tell which bee will first fly away?" demanded Bear's Meat.

The Bee-hunter was able to foresee this, by knowing which insect had been longest on the comb; but so practised had his eye become, that he knew with tolerable accuracy, by the movements of the creatures, those that had filled themselves with honey from those that had not. As it

did not suit his purposes, however, to let all the minutiæ of his craft be known, his answer was evasive. Just at that moment a thought occurred to him, which it might be well to carry out in full. He had once saved his life by necromancy, or what seemed to the simple children of the woods to be necromancy, and why might he not turn the cunning of his regular art to account, and render it the means of rescuing the females, as well as himself, from the hands of their captors? This sudden impulse from that moment controlled his conduct; and his mind was constantly casting about for the means of effecting what was now his one great purpose—escape. Instead of uttering, in reply to Bear's Meat's question, the simple truth, therefore, he rather sought for such an answer as might make the process in which he was engaged appear imposing and mystical.

"How do the Injins know the path of the deer?" he asked, by way of reply. "They look at the deer, get to know him, and understand his ways. This middle bee will soon fly."

"Which way will he go?" asked Peter. "Can my brother tell us *that?*"

"To his hive," returned le Bourdon, carelessly, as if he did not fully understand the question. "All of them go to their hives, unless I tell them to go in another direction. See, the bee is up!"

The chiefs now looked with all their eyes. They saw, indeed, that the bee was making its circles above the stand. Presently they lost sight of the insect, which to them seemed to vanish; though le Bourdon distinctly traced its flight for a hundred yards. It took a direction at right angles to that of the first bee, flying off into the prairie, and shaping its course towards an island of wood, which might have been of three or four acres in extent, and distant rather less than a mile.

While le Bourdon was noting this flight, another bee arose. This creature flew towards the point of forest, already mentioned as the destination of the insect that had first risen. No sooner was this third little animal out of sight, than the fourth was up, humming around the

stand. Ben pointed it out to the chiefs; and this time they succeeded in tracing the flight for, perhaps, a hundred feet from the spot where they stood. Instead of following either of its companions, this fourth bee took a course which led it off the prairie altogether, and towards the habitations.

The suddenly-conceived purpose of le Bourdon, to attempt to mystify the savages, and thus get a hold upon their minds which he might turn to advantage, was much aided by the different directions taken by these several bees. Had they all gone the same way, the conclusion that all went home would be so very natural and obvious, as to deprive the discovery of a hive of any supernatural merit, at least; and to establish this was just now the great object the Bee-hunter had in view. As it was, the Indians were no wiser, now all the bees were gone, than they had been before one of them had flown. On the contrary, they could not understand how the flights of so many insects, in so many different directions, should tell the Bee-hunter where honey was to be found. Le

Bourdon saw that the prairie was covered with bees, and well knew that, such being the fact, the inmates of perhaps a hundred different hives must be present. All this, however, was too novel and too complicated for the calculations of savages; and not one of those who crowded near, as observers, could account for so many of the bees going different ways.

Le Bourdon now intimated a wish to change his ground. He had noted two of the bees, and the only question that remained to be decided, as *it* respected *them*, was whether they belonged to the precise points towards which they had flown, or to points beyond them. The reader will easily understand that this is the nature of the fact determined by taking an angle, the point of intersection between any two of the lines of flight, being necessarily the spot where the hive is to be found. So far from explaining this to those around him, however, Boden kept it a secret in his own breast. Margery knew the whole process, for to *her* he had often gone over it in description, finding a pleasure in instructing one

so apt, and whose tender, liquid blue eyes seemed to reflect every movement of his own soul and feelings. Margery he could have taught for ever, or fancied for the moment he could; which is as near the truth as men under the influence of love often get. But, as for the Indians, so far from letting them into any of his secrets, his strong desire was now to throw dust into their eyes, in all possible ways, and to make their well-established character for superstition subservient to his own projects,

Boden was far from being a scholar, even for one in his class of life. Down to this hour, the neglect of the means of public instruction is somewhat of a just ground of reproach against the venerable and respectable commonwealth of which he was properly a member, though her people have escaped a knowledge of a great deal of small philosophy and low intriguing, which it is fair to presume that evil spirits thrust in among the leaves of a more legitimate information, when the book of knowledge is opened for the instruction of those who, by circumstances, are prevented

from doing more than bestowing a few hurried glances at its contents. Still, Ben had read everything about bees, on which he could lay his hands. He had studied their habits personally, and he had pondered over the various accounts of their communities—a sort of limited monarchy, in which the prince is deposed occasionally, or when matters go very wrong—some written by really very observant and intelligent persons, and others again not a little fanciful. Among other books that had thus fallen in le Bourdon's way, was one which somewhat minutely described the uses that were made of bees by the ancient soothsayers in their divinations. Our hero had no notion of reviving those rites, or of attempting to imitate the particular practices of which he had read and heard; but the recollection of them occurred most opportunely to strengthen and encourage the design, so suddenly entertained, of making his present operations aid in opening the way to the one great thing of the hour—an escape into Lake Michigan.

"A bee knows a great deal," said le Bourdon to

his nearest companions, while the whole party was moving some distance to take up new ground. "A bee often knows more than a man."

"More than pale-face?" demanded Bear's Meat, a chief who had attained his authority more by means of physical than of intellectual qualities.

"Sometimes. Pale-faces have gone to bees to ask what will happen. Let me ask our medicine-man this question? Parson Amen, have *you* any knowledge of the soothsayers of old using bees when they wished to know what was about to happen?"

Now, the missionary was not a learned man, any more than the Bee-hunter; but many an unlearned man has heard of this, and he happened to be one of the number. Of Virgil, for instance, Parson Amen knew but little; though in the progress of a very loose, but industrious course of reading, he had learned that the soothsayers put great faith in bees. His answer was given in conformity with this fact, and in the most perfect good faith, for he had not the smallest suspicion of what Boden wished to establish.

"Certainly—most certainly," answered the well-meaning missionary—"the fortune-tellers of old times often went to their bees when they wished to look into the future. It has been a subject much talked of among Christians, to account for the soothsaying, and witchcraft, and other supernatural dealings of those who lived in the times of the prophets; and most of them have held the opinion that evil spirits have been—nay, still are permitted to work their will on certain men in the flesh. But bees were in much favour with the soothsayers of old."

This answer was given in English, and little of it was comprehended by Peter, and the others who had more or less knowledge of the language, beyond the part which asserted the agency of bees in witchcraft. Luckily, this was all le Bourdon desired, and he was well satisfied at seeing that the idea passed from one chief to another; those who did not know the English at all, being told by those who had some knowledge of the tongue, that "bees were thought to be 'medicine' among the pale-faces."

Le Bourdon gained a great deal of ground by this fortunate corroboration of his own still more fortunate thought. Matters were pretty nearly desperate with him, and with all his friends, should Peter really meditate evil; and as desperate diseases notoriously require remedies of the same character, he was ready to attempt anything that promised even the smallest chance of success.

"Yes, yes,"—the Bee-hunter pursued the discourse by saying—"bees know a great deal. I have sometimes thought that bees know more than bears, and my brother must be able to tell something of them?"

"Yes; my name is Bear's Meat," answered that chief, complacently. "Injin always give name that mean somet'ing. Kill so many bear one winter, got dat name."

"A good name it is! To kill a bear is the most honourable thing a hunter can do, as we all know. If my brother wishes to hear it, I will ask my bees when he is to kill another."

The savage to whom this was addressed fairly started with delight. He was eagerly signifying

his cheerful assent to the proposal, when Peter quietly interposed, and changed the discourse to himself, in a way that he had, and which would not easily admit of denial. It was apparent to le Bourdon that this mysterious Indian was not content that one so direct and impetuous in his feelings as Bear's Meat, and who was at the same time so little qualified to manage his portion of an intellectual conversation, should be foremost any longer. For that reason he brought himself more into the fore-ground, leaving to his friend the capacity of listener and observer, rather than that of a speaker and actor. What took place under this new arrangement, will appear as the narrative proceeds.

CHAPTER IX.

—— Therefore, go with me;
I'll give the fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
—Peas-blossom! cobweb! moth! and mustard seed.

Midsummer-Night's Dream.

As le Bourdon kept moving across the prairie, while the remarks were made that have been recorded in the preceding chapter, he soon reached the new position where he intended to again set up his stand. Here he renewed his operations; Peter keeping nearest his person, in jealous watchfulness of the least movement he made. Bees were caught, and scarce a minute elapsed ere the Bee-hunter had two or three of them on the piece of comb, uncovered and at liberty. The circumstance that the cap was momentarily placed over the insects,

struck the savages as a piece of necromancy, in particular. The reader will understand that this is done in order to darken the tumbler, and induce the bee to settle down on the honey so much the sooner. To one who understood the operation and its reason, the whole was simple enough; but it was a very different matter with men as little accustomed to prying into the habits of creatures as insignificant as bees. Had deer, or bisons, or bears, or any of the quadrupeds of those regions, been the subject of the experiment, it is highly probable that individuals could have been found in that attentive and wondering crowd, who could have enlightened the ablest naturalists on the subject of the animals under examination; but, when the inquiry descended to the bee, it went below the wants and usages of savage life.

"Where you t'ink dis bee go!" demanded Peter, in English, as soon as le Bourdon raised the tumbler.

"One will go in this direction, the other in that," answered the Bee-hunter, pointing first towards the corner of the woods, then towards

the island in the prairie; the two points towards which two of the other bees had flown.

The predictions might or might not prove true. If they did, the effect must be great; if they did not, the failure would soon be forgotten in matters of more interest. Our hero, therefore, risked but little, while he had the chance of gaining a very great advantage. By a fortunate coincidence, the result completely justified the prediction. A bee rose, made its circles around the stand, and away it went towards the island-like copse in the prairie; while its companion soon imitated its example, but taking the other prescribed direction. This time Peter watched the insects so closely that he was a witness of their movements, and with his own eyes he beheld the flight, as well as the direction taken by each.

"You tell bee do dis?" demanded Peter, with a surprise that was so sudden, as well as so great, that it overcame in some slight degree his habitual self-command.

"To be sure I did," replied le Bourdon, carelessly. "If you wish to see another you may."

Here the young man coolly took another bee, and put it on the comb. Indifferent as he appeared, however, he used what was perhaps the highest degree of his art in selecting this insect. It was taken from the bunch of flowers whence one of his former captives had been taken, and there was every chance of its belonging to the same hive as its companion. Which direction it might take, should it prove to be a bee from either of the two hives of which the positions were now known, it altogether exceeded Boden's art to tell, so he dexterously avoided committing himself. It was enough that Peter gazed attentively, and that he saw the insect dart away, disappearing in the direction of the island. By this time more of the savages were on the alert, and now knowing how and where to look for the bee, they also saw its course.

"You tell him ag'in go dere?" asked Peter, whose interest by this time was so manifest, as to defy all attempts at concealment.

"To be sure I did. The bees obey *me*, as your young men obey *you*. I am their chief, and they

know me. I will give you further proof of this. We will now go to that little bit of wood, when you shall all see what it contains. I have sent three of my bees there; and here, one of them is already back, to let me know what he has seen."

Sure enough, a bee was buzzing around the head of le Bourdon, probably attracted by some fragment of comb, and he cunningly converted it into a messenger from the copse! All this was wonderful to the crowd, and it even greatly troubled Peter. This man was much less liable to the influence of superstition than most of his people; but he was very far from being altogether above it. This is the fact with very few civilized men; perhaps with no man whatever, let his philosophy and knowledge be what they may; and least of all, is it true with the ignorant. There is too much of the uncertain, of the conjectural in our condition as human beings, to raise us altogether above the distrusts, doubts, wonder, and other weaknesses of our present condition. To these simple savages, the manner in which the bees flew, seemingly at le Bourdon's bidding, to

this or that thicket, was quite as much a matter of astonishment, as any of our most elaborate deceptions are wonders to our own ignorant and vulgar. Ignorant! And where is the line to be drawn that is to place men beyond the pale of ignorance? Each of us fails in some one, if not in very many of the important branches of the knowledge that is even reduced to rules among us. Here is seen the man of books, so ignorant of the application of his own beloved theories, as to be a mere child in practice; and, there again, can be seen the expert in practice, who is totally unacquainted with a single principle, of the many, that lie at the root of his very handy-craft. Let us not, then, deride these poor children of the forest, because that which was so entirely new to them, should also appear inexplicable and supernatural.

As for Peter, he was much more confounded than convinced. His mind was so much superior to those of the other chiefs, as to render him far more difficult to mislead; though even he was not exempt from the great weaknesses of ignorance—superstition, and its concomitants, credulity, and

a love of the marvellous. His mind was troubled, as was quite apparent to Ben, who watched *him* quite as narrowly as he was observed himself, in all he did. Willing to deepen the impression, our artist now determined to exhibit some of the higher fruits of his skill. The production of a considerable quantity of honey would of itself be a sort of peace-offering, and he now prepared to turn the certainty of there being a hive in the little wood to account—certainty, because three bees had taken wing for it, and a very distinct angle had been made with two of them.

"Does my brother wish any honey?" asked le Bourdon carelessly; "or shall I send a bee across Lake Michigan, to tell the Injins further west that Detroit is taken?"

"Can Bourdon find honey *now*?" demanded Peter.

"Easily. Several hives are within a mile of us. The bees like this prairie, which is so well garnished with flowers, and I am never at a loss for work, in this neighbourhood. This is my favourite bee-ground; and I have got all the little crea-

tures so that they know me, and are ready to do everything that I tell them. As I see that the chiefs love honey, and wish to eat some, we will now go to one of my hives."

Thus saying, le Bourdon prepared for another march. He moved with all his appliances, Margery keeping close at his side, carrying the honey-comb and honey. As the girl walked lightly, in advance of the Indians, some fifteen or twenty bees, attracted by the flavour of what she carried, kept circling around her head, and consequently around that of Boden; and Peter did not fail to observe the circumstance. To him it appeared as if these bees were so many accompanying agents, who attended their master in order to do his bidding. In a word, Peter was fast getting into that frame of mind, when all that is seen is pressed into the support of the theory we have adopted. The Bee-hunter had some mysterious connexion with, and control over the bees, and this was one, among the many other signs of the existence of his power. All this, however, Boden himself disregarded. His mind was bent on

throwing dust into the eyes of the Indians; and he was cogitating the means of so doing, on a much larger scale than any yet attempted.

"Why dem bee fly 'round young squaw?" demanded Peter— "and fly round you, too?"

"They know us, and go with us to their hive; just as Injins would come out of their villages to meet and honour visitors."

This was a ready reply, but it scarcely satisfied the wily savage to whom it was given. Just then Crowsfeather led Peter a little aside, and began talking earnestly to that chief, both continuing on with the crowd. Le Bourdon felt persuaded that the subject of this private conference was some of his own former backslidings in the character of a conjuror, and that the Pottawattamie would not deal very tenderly with his character. Nevertheless, it was too late to retrace his steps, and he saw the necessity of going on.

"I wish you had not come out with us," the Bee-hunter found an occasion to say to Margery. "I do not half like the state of things, and this conjuration about the bees may all fall through."

"It is better that I should be here, Bourdon," returned the spirited girl. "My being here may make them less unfriendly to you. When I am by, Peter always seems more human, and less of a savage, they all tell me, than when I am not by."

"No one can be more willing to own your power, Margery, than I; but Injins hold the squaws too cheap, to give you much influence over this old fellow."

"You do not know—he may have had a daughter of about my age, or size, or appearance; or with my laugh, or voice, or something else that reminds him of her, when he sees me. One thing I am sure of—Peter is no enemy of *mine*."

"I hope this may prove to be true! I do not see, after all, why an Injin should not have the feelin's you name. He is a man, and must feel for his wife and children, the same as other——"

"Bourdon, what ails the dog? Look at the manner in which Hive is behaving!"

Sure enough, the appearance of Hive was sufficiently obvious to attract his master's attention.

By this time the crowd had got within twenty rods of the little island-like copse of wood, the mastiff being nearly half that distance in advance. Instead of preceding the party, however, Hive had raised his form in a menacing manner, and moved cautiously from side to side, like one of his kind that scents a foe. There was no mistaking these movements; and all the principal chiefs soon had their attention also drawn to the behaviour of the dog.

"Why he do so?" asked Peter. "He 'fraid of bee, eh?"

"He waits for me to come up," answered le Bourdon. "Let my brother and two other chiefs come with me, and let the rest stay here. Bees do not like crowds. Corporal, I put Margery in your keeping, and Parson Amen will be near you. I now go to show these chiefs what a bee can tell 'a man."

Thus saying, le Bourdon advanced, followed by Peter, Bear's Meat, and Crowsfeather. Our hero had made up his mind that something more than bees were to be found in the thicket; for, the

place being a little marshy, bushes as well as trees were growing on it, and he fully expected a rencontre with bears, the creatures most disposed to prey upon the labours of the bee—man excepted. Being well armed, and accompanied by men accustomed to such struggles, he had no apprehensions, and led the way boldly, feeling the necessity of manifesting perfect confidence in all his own acts, in order to command the respect of the observers. As soon as the Bee-hunter passed the dog, the latter growled, showed his teeth fiercely, and followed, keeping closely at his side. The confidence and alacrity with which le Bourdon moved into the thicket, compelled his companions to be on the alert; though the first broke through the belt of hazels which enclosed the more open area within, a few instants before the Indians reached the place. Then it was that there arose such a yell, such screechings and cries, as reached far over the prairie, and might have appalled the stoutest heart. The picture that was soon offered to the eye was not less terrific than the sounds which assailed the ear. Hundreds of

savages, in their war-paint, armed, and in a crowded maze, arose as it might be by one effort, seemingly out of the earth, and began to leap and play their antics amid the trees. The sudden spectacle of a crowd of such beings, nearly naked, frightfully painted, and tossing their arms here and there, while each yelled like a demon, was enough to overcome the nerves of a very resolute man. But le Bourdon was prepared for a conflict, and even felt relieved, rather than alarmed, when he saw the savages. His ready mind at once conceived the truth. This band belonged to the chiefs, and composed the whole, or a principal part of the force which he knew they must have outlying somewhere on the prairies, or in the openings. He had sufficiently understood the hints of Pigeonswing to be prepared for such a meeting, and at no time, of late, had he approached a cover, without remembering the possibility of its containing Indians.

Instead of betraying alarm, therefore, when this cloud of phantom-like beings rose before his eyes, le Bourdon stood firm, merely turning

towards the chiefs behind him, to ascertain if they were taken by surprise, as well as himself. It was apparent that they were; for, understanding that a medicine-ceremony was to take place on the prairie, these "young men" had preceded the party from the hut, and had, unknown to all their chiefs, got possession of this copse, as the best available cover, whence to make their observations on what was going on.

"My brother sees his young men," said le Bourdon, quietly, the instant a dead calm had succeeded to the outcries with which he had been greeted. "I thought he might wish to say something to them, and my bees told me where to find them. Does my brother wish to know anything else?"

Great was the wonder of the three chiefs, at this exhibition of medicine power! So far from suspecting the truth, or of detecting the lucky coincidence by which le Bourdon had been led to the cover of their warriors, it all appeared to them to be pure necromancy. Such an art must be of great service; and how useful it would be to the

warrior on his path, to be accompanied by one who could thus command the vigilance of the bees!

"You find enemy all same as friend?" demanded Peter, letting out the thought that was uppermost, in the question.

"To be sure. It makes no difference with a bee; he can find an enemy as easily as he can find a friend."

"No whiskey-spring dis time?" put in Crows-feather, a little inopportunely, and with a distrust painted in his swarthy face that le Bourdon did not like.

"Pottawattamie, you do not understand medicine-men. *Ought* I to have shown your young men where whiskey was to be had for nothing? Ask yourself that question. Did you wish to see your young men wallowing like hogs in such a spring? What would the great medicine-priest of the pale-faces, who is out yonder, have said to *that?*"

This was a *coup de maître* on the part of the Bee-hunter. Until that moment, the affair of the

whiskey-spring had weighed heavily in the balance against him; but, now, it was suddenly changed over in the scales, and told as strongly in his favour. Even a savage can understand the morality which teaches men to preserve their reason, and not to lower themselves to the level of brutes, by swallowing "fire-water;" and Crowsfeather suddenly saw a motive for regarding our hero with the eyes of favour, instead of those of distrust and dislike.

"What the pale-face says is true," observed Peter to his companion. "Had he opened his spring, your warriors would have been weaker than women. He is a wonderful medicine-man, and we must not provoke him to anger. How *could* he know, but through his bees, that our young men were here?"

This question could not be answered; and when the chiefs, followed by the whole band of warriors, some three or four hundred in number, came out upon the open prairie, all that had passed was communicated to those who awaited their return, in a few brief, but clear explanations.

Le Bourdon found a moment to let Margery comprehend his position and views, while Parson Amen and the corporal were put sufficiently on their guard, not to make any unfortunate blunder. The last was much more easily managed than the first. So exceedingly sensitive was the conscience of the priest, that had he clearly understood the game le Bourdon was playing, he might have revolted at the idea of necromancy, as touching on the province of evil spirits; but he was so well mystified, as to suppose all that passed was regularly connected with the art of taking bees. In this respect, he and the Indians equally resembled one of those familiar pictures, in which we daily see men, in masses, contributing to their own deception and subjection, while they fondly but blindly imagine that they are not only inventors, but masters. This trade of mastery, after all, is the property of a very few minds; and no precaution of the prudent, no forethought of the wary, nor any expedient of charters, constitutions, or restrictions, will prevent the few from placing their feet on the neck of the many. We may

revive the fable of King Log and King Stork, as often, and in as many forms as we will; it will ever be the fable of King Log and King Stork. We are no admirers of political aristocracies, as a thousand paragraphs from our pen will prove; and, as for monarchs, we have long thought they best enact their parts, when most responsible to opinion; but we cannot deceive ourselves on the subject of the atrocities that are daily committed by those who are ever ready to assume the places of both, making their fellow-creatures in masses their dupes, and using those that they affect to serve.

Ben Boden was now a sort of "*gouvernement provisoire,*" among the wondering savages who surrounded him. He had got them to believe in necromancy, a very considerable step towards the exercise of despotic power. It is true, he hardly knew, himself, what was to be done next; but he saw quite distinctly that he was in a dilemma, and must manage to get out of it by some means or other. If he could only succeed in this instance, as well as he had succeeded in his former

essay in the black art, all might be well, and Margery be carried in triumph into the settlements. Margery, *pro hæc vice*, was his goddess of liberty, and he asked for no higher reward, than to be permitted to live the remainder of his days in the sunshine of her smiles. Liberty! a word that is, just now, in all men's mouths, but in how few hearts in its purity and truth! What a melancholy mistake, moreover, to suppose that, could it be enjoyed in that perfection with which the imaginations of men love to cheat their judgments, it is the great good of life! One hour spent in humble veneration for the Being that gave it, in common with all of earth, its vacillating and uncertain existence, is of more account than ages passed in its service; and he who fancies that in worshipping liberty, he answers the great end of his existence, hugs a delusion quite as weak, and infinitely more dangerous, than that which now came over the minds of Peter and his countrymen, in reference to the intelligence of the bees. It is a good thing to possess the defective and qualified freedom, which

we term "liberty;" but it is a grave error to set it up as an idol to be worshipped.

"What my brother do next?" demanded Bear's Meat, who, being a somewhat vulgar-minded savage, was all for striking and wonder-working exhibitions of necromancy. "P'raps he find some honey, now?"

"If you wish it, chief. What says Peter?—shall I ask my bees to tell where there is a hive?"

As Peter very readily assented, le Bourdon next set about achieving this new feat in his art. The reader will recollect that the positions of two hives were already known to the Bee-hunter, by means of that very simple and every-day process by which he earned his bread. One of these hives was in the point of wood already mentioned, that lay along the margin of the prairie; while the other was in this very copse, where the savages had secreted themselves. Boden had now no thought of giving any further disturbance to this last-named colony of insects; for an insight into their existence might disturb the influence obtained by the jugglery of the late discovery,

and he at once turned his attention towards the other hive indicated by his bees.

Nor did le Bourdon now deem it necessary to resort to his usual means of carrying on his trade. These were not necessary to one who knew already where the hive was to be found, while it opened the way to certain mummeries that might be made to tell well in support of his assumed character. Catching a bee, then, and keeping it confined within his tumbler, Ben held the last to his ear, as if listening to what the fluttering insect had to say. Having seemingly satisfied himself on this point, he desired the chiefs once more to follow him, having first let the bee go, with a good deal of ceremony. This set all in motion again; the party being now increased by the whole band of savages who had been "put up" from their cover.

By this time, Margery began to tremble for the consequences. She had held several short conferences with le Bourdon, as they walked together, and had penetrated far enough into his purposes

to see that he was playing a ticklish game. It might succeed for a time, but she feared it must fail in the end; and there was always risk of incurring the summary vengeance of savages. Perhaps she did not fully appreciate the power of superstition, and the sluggishness of the mind that once submits to its influence; while her woman's heart made her keenly alive to all those frightful consequences that must attend an exposure. Nevertheless, nothing could now be done to avert the consequences. It was too late to recede, and things must take their course, even at all the hazards of the case. That she might not be wholly useless, when her lover was risking so much for herself, Margery well understanding that *her* escape was the only serious difficulty the Bee-hunter apprehended, the girl turned all her attention to Peter, in whose favour she felt that she had been daily growing, and on whose pleasure so much must depend. Changing her position a little, she now came closer to the chief than she had hitherto done.

"Squaw like medicine-man?" asked Peter, with

a significance of expression that raised a blush in Margery's cheek.

"You mean to ask me if I like to *see* medicine-men perform," answered Margery, with the readiness of her sex. "White women are always curious, they say—how is it with the women of the red men?"

"Juss so—full of cur'osity. Squaw is squaw—no matter what colour."

"I am sorry, Peter, you do not think better of squaws. Perhaps you never had a squaw—no wife, or daughter?"

A gleam of powerful feeling shot athwart the dark countenance of the Indian, resembling the glare of the electric fluid flashing on a cloud at midnight; but it passed away as quickly as it appeared, leaving in its stead the hard, condensed expression, which the intensity of a purpose so long entertained and cultivated, had imprinted there, as indelibly as if cut in stone.

"All chief have squaw—all chief have pappoose," was the answer that came at last. "What he good for, eh?"

"It is always good to have children, Peter; especially when the children themselves are good."

"Good for pale-face, maybe—no good for Injin. Pale-face glad when pappoose born—red-skin sorry."

"I hope this is not so. Why should an Injin be sorry to see the laugh of his little son?"

"Laugh when he little—p'raps so; he little, and don't know what happen. But Injin don't laugh any more when he grow up. Game gone; land gone; corn-field gone. No more room for Injin—pale-face want all. Pale-face young man laugh red-skin young man cry. Dat how it is."

"Oh! I hope not, Peter! I should be sorry to think it was so. The red man has as good a right—nay, he has a *better* right to this country than we whites; and God forbid that he should not always have his full share of the land!"

Margery probably owed her life to that honest, natural burst of feeling, which was uttered with a warmth and sincerity that could leave no doubt

that the sentiment expressed came from the heart. Thus singularly are we constructed! A minute before, and no exemption was made in the mind of Peter in behalf of this girl, in the plan he had formed for cutting off the whites; on the contrary, he had often bethought him of the number of young pale-faces that might be, as it were, strangled in their cradles, by including the Bee-hunter and his intended squaw in the contemplated sacrifice. All this was changed, as in the twinkling of an eye, by Margery's honest and fervent expression of her sense of right, on the great subject that occupied all of Peter's thoughts. These sudden impulses in the direction of love for our species, the second of the high lessons left by the Redeemer to his disciples, are so many proofs of the creation of man in the image of his Maker. They exert their power often when least expected, and are ever stamped by the same indelible impression of their divine origin. Without these occasional glimpses at those qualities which are so apt to lie dormant, we might indeed despair of the destinies of our race. We are, however, in safe and

merciful hands; and all the wonderful events that are at this moment developing themselves around us are no other than the steps taken by Providence in the progress it is steadily making towards the great and glorious end! Some of the agencies will be corrupt; others deluded; and no one of them all, perhaps, will pursue with unerring wisdom the precise path that ought to be taken; but even the crimes, errors, and delusions, will be made instrumental in achieving that which was designed before the foundations of this world were laid!

"Does my daughter wish this?" returned Peter, when Margery had thus frankly and sincerely given vent to her feelings. "Can a pale-face squaw wish to leave an Injin any of his hunting-grounds?"

"Thousands of us wish it, Peter, and I for one. Often and often have we talked of this around our family fire, and even Gershom, when his head has not been affected by fire-water, has thought as we all have thought. I know that Bourdon thinks so, too; and I have heard him say that he

thought Congress ought to pass a law to prevent white men from 'getting any more of the Injin's lands."

The face of Peter would have been a remarkable study, during the few moments that his fierce will was in the process of being brought in subjugation to the influence of his better feelings. At first he appeared bewildered; then compunction had its shade; and human sympathy came last, asserting its long dormant, but inextinguishable power. Margery saw some of this, though it far exceeded her penetration to read all the workings of that stern and savage mind; yet she felt encouraged by what she did see and understand.

While an almighty and divine Providence was thus carrying out its own gracious designs in its own way, the Bee-hunter continued bent on reaching a similar end by means of his own. Little did he imagine how much had been done for him within the last few moments, and how greatly all he had in view was jeoparded and put at risk by his own contrivances—contrivances which seemed to him so clever, but which were

wanting in the unerring simplicity and truth, that render those that come from above infallible. Still, the expedients of le Bourdon may have had their agency in bringing about events, and may have been intended to be a part of that moral machinery, which was now at work in the breast of Peter, for good.

It will be remembered that the Bee-hunter habitually carried a small spy-glass, as a part of the implements of his calling. It enabled him to watch the bees, as they went in and came out of the hives, on the highest trees, and often saved him hours of fruitless search. This glass was now in his hand; for, an object on a dead tree, that rose a little apart from those around it, and which stood quite near the extreme point in the forest, towards which they were all proceeding, had caught his attention. The distance was still too great to ascertain by the naked eye what that object was; but a single look with the glass showed that it was a bear. This was an old enemy of the Bee-hunter, who often encountered the animal, endeavouring to get at the honey, and

he had on divers occasions been obliged to deal with these plunderers, before he could succeed in his own plans of pilfering. The bear now seen continued in sight but an instant; the height to which he had clambered being so great, most probably, as to weary him with the effort, and to compel him to fall back again. All this was favourable to le Bourdon's wishes, who immediately called a halt.

The first thing that Bourdon did, when all the dark eyes were gleaming on him in fierce curiosity, was to catch a bee, and hold it to his ear, as it buzzed about in the tumbler.

"You t'ink dat bee talk?" Peter asked of Margery, in a tone of confidence, as if a newly-awakened principle now existed between them.

"Bourdon must think so, Peter," the girl evasively answered, "or he would hardly listen to hear what it says."

"It strange, bee should talk! Almos' as strange as pale-pace wish to leave Injin any land! Sartain, bee talk, eh?"

"I have never heard one talk, Peter, unless it

might be in its buzzing. That may be the tongue of a bee, for anything I know to the contrary."

By this time le Bourdon seemed to be satisfied, and let the bee go; the savages murmuring their wonder and admiration.

"Do my brothers wish to hunt?" asked the Bee-hunter, in a voice so loud, that all near might hear what he had to say.

This question produced a movement at once. Skill in hunting, next to success on the war-path, constitutes the great merit of an Indian; and it is ever his delight to show that he possesses it. No sooner did le Bourdon throw out his feeler, therefore, than a general exclamation proclaimed the readiness of all the young men, in particular, to join in the chase.

"Let my brothers come closer," said Ben, in an authoritative manner; "I have something to put into their ears. They see that point of wood, where the dead bass-wood has fallen on the prairie. Near that bass-wood is honey, and near the honey are bears. This my bees have told me. Now, let my brothers divide, and some go into

the woods, and some stay on the prairie; then will they have plenty of sweet food."

As all this was very simple, and easily to be comprehended, not a moment was lost in the execution. With surprising order and aptitude, the chiefs led off their parties; one line of dark warriors penetrating the forest on the eastern side of the bass-wood, and another on the western; while a goodly number scattered themselves on the prairie itself, in its front. In less than a quarter of an hour, signals came from the forest that the *battue* was ready, and Peter gave the answering sign to proceed.

Down to this moment, doubts existed among the savages concerning the accuracy of le Bourdon's statement. How was it possible that his bees should tell him where he could find bears? To be sure, bears were the great enemies of bees —this every Indian knew—but could the bees have the faculty of thus arming one enemy against another? These doubts, however, were soon allayed by the sudden appearance of a drove of bears, eight or ten in number, that came waddling

out of the woods, driven before the circle of shouting hunters that had been formed within.

Now commenced a scene of wild tumult and of fierce delight. The warriors on the prairie retired before their enemies, until all of their associates were clear of the forest, when the circle swiftly closed again, until it had brought the bears to something like close quarters. Bear's Meat, as became his appellation, led off the dance, letting fly an arrow at the nearest animal. Astounded by the great number of their enemies, and not a little appalled by their yells, the poor quadrupeds did not know which way to turn. Occasionally, attempts were made to break through the circle, but the flight of arrows, aimed directly at their face, invariably drove the creatures back. Fire-arms were not resorted to at all in this hunt, spears and arrows being the weapons depended on. Several ludicrous incidents occurred, but none that were tragical. One or two of the more reckless of the hunters, ambitious of shining before the representatives of so many tribes, ran rather greater risks than were required, but they escaped

with a few smart scratches. In one instance, however, a young Indian had a still narrower *squeeze* for his life. Literally a *squeeze* it was; for, suffering himself to get within the grasp of a bear, he came near being pressed to death, ere his companions could despatch the creature. As for the prisoner, the only means he had to prevent his being bitten, was to thrust the head of his spear into the bear's mouth, where he succeeded in holding it, spite of the animal's efforts to squeeze him into submission. By the time this combat was terminated, the field was strewed with the slain; every one of the bears having been killed by hunters so much practised in the art of destroying game.

CHAPTER X.

She was an only child—her name Ginevra;
The joy, the pride of an indulgent father;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

ROGERS.

DURING the hunt there was little leisure for reflection on the seemingly extraordinary manner in which the Bee-hunter had pointed out the spot where the bears were to be found. No one of the Indians had seen him apply the glass to his eye, for, leading the party, he had been able to do this unobserved; but, had they witnessed such a procedure, it would have been as inexplicable as all the rest. It is true, Crowsfeather and one or two of his companions had taken a look through that medicine-glass, but it rather contributed to

increase the conjurer's renown, than served to explain any of the marvels he performed.

Peter was most struck with all that had just occurred. He had often heard of the skill of those who hunted bees, and had several times met with individuals who practised the art, but this was the first occasion on which he had ever been a witness, in his own person, of the exercise of a craft so wonderful! Had the process been simply that of catching a bee, filling it with honey, letting it go, and then following it to its hive, it would have been so simple as to require no explanation. But Peter was too intelligent, as well as too observant, not to have seen that a great deal more than this was necessary. On the supposition that the bee flew *towards* the forest, as had been the fact with two of the bees taken that morning, in what part of that forest was the hunter to look for the bee-tree? It was the angle that perplexed Peter, as it did all the Indians; for that angle, to be understood, required a degree of knowledge and calculation that entirely exceeded all he had ever acquired. Thus is it with us ever.

The powers, and faculties, and principles that are necessary fully to comprehend all that we see, and all that surrounds us, exist and have been bestowed on man by his beneficent Creator. Still, it is only by slow degrees that he is to become their master, acquiring knowledge step by step, as he has need of its services, and learns how to use it. Such seems to be the design of Providence, which is gradually opening to our inquiries the arcana of nature, in order that we may convert their possession into such uses as will advance its own wise intentions. Happy are they who feel this truth in their character of individuals! Thrice happy the nations which can be made to understand, that the surest progress is that which is made on the clearest principles, and with the greatest caution! The notion of setting up anything new in morals, is as fallacious in theory as it will be found to be dangerous in practice.

It has been said that a sudden change had come over the fierce purposes of Peter. For some time, the nature, artlessness, truth, feminine playfulness and kindness, not to say personal beauty

of Margery, had been gradually softening the heart of this stern savage, as it respected the girl herself. Nothing of a weak nature was blended with this feeling, which was purely the growth of that divine principle that is implanted in us all. The quiet, earnest manner in which the girl had, that day, protested her desire to see the rights of the red man respected, completed her conquest; and, so far as the great chief was concerned, secured her safety. It may seem singular, however, that Peter, with all his influence, was unable to say that even one that he was so much disposed to favour, should be spared. By means of his own eloquence, and perseverance, and deep desire for vengeance, however, he had aroused a spirit among his followers that was not so easily quelled. On several occasions, he had found it difficult to prevent the younger and more impetuous of the chiefs from proceeding at once to secure the scalps of those who were in their power; and this he had done, only by promising to increase the number of the victims. How was he then to lessen that number? and that, too, when circum-

stances did not seem likely to throw any more immediately into his power, as he had once hoped. This council must soon be over, and it would not be in his power to send the chiefs away without enumerating the scalps of the pale-faces present among those which were to make up the sum of their race.

Taking the perplexity produced by the Bee-hunter's necromancy, and adding it to his concern for Margery, Peter found ample subject for all his reflections. While the young men were dressing their bears, and making the preparations for a feast, he walked apart, like a man whose thoughts had little in common with the surrounding scene. Even the further proceedings of le Bourdon, who had discovered his bee-tree, had felled it, and was then distributing the honey among the Indians, could not draw him from his meditations. The great council of all was to be held that very day—there, on Prairie Round—and it was imperative on Peter to settle the policy he intended to pursue, previously to the hour when the fire was to be lighted, and the chiefs met in final consultation.

In the mean time, le Bourdon, by his distribution of the honey, no less than by the manner in which he had found it, was winning golden opinions of those who shared in his bounty. One would think that the idea of property is implanted in us by nature, since men in all conditions appear to entertain strong and distinct notions of this right. Natural it may not be, in the true signification of the term; but it is a right so interwoven with those that are derived from nature, and more particularly with our wants, as almost to identify it with the individual being. It is certain that all we have of civilization is dependent on a just protection of this right; for without the assurance of enjoying his earnings, who would produce beyond the supply necessary for his own immediate wants? Among the American savages the rights of property are distinctly recognized, so far as their habits and resources extend. The hunting-ground belongs to the tribe, and occasionally the field; but the wigwam, and the arms, and the skins, both for use and for market, and often the horses, and all other move-

ables, belong to the individual. So sacred is this right held to be, that not one of those who stood by, and saw le Bourdon fell his tree, and who witnessed the operation of bringing to light its stores of honey, appeared to dream of meddling with the delicious store, until invited so to do by its lawful owner. It was this reserve, and this respect for a recognized principle, that enabled the Bee-hunter to purchase a great deal of popularity, by giving away liberally an article so much prized. None, indeed, was reserved; Boden seeing the impossibility of carrying it away. Happy would he have been, most happy, could he have felt the assurance of being able to get Margery off, without giving a second thought to any of his effects, whether present or absent.

As has been intimated, the Bee-hunter was fast rising in the favour of the warriors; particularly of those who had a weakness on the score of the stomach. This is the first great avenue to the favour of man—the belly ruling all the other members, the brains included. All this Peter noted, and was now glad to perceive; for, in addi-

tion to the favour that Margery had found in his eyes, that wary chief had certain very serious misgivings on the subject of the prudence of attempting to deal harshly with a medicine-man of Boden's calibre. Touching the whiskey-spring he had been doubtful, from the first; even Crows-feather's account of the wonderful glass through which that chief had looked, and seen men reduced to children, and then converted into giants, had failed to conquer his scepticism; but he was not altogether proof against what he had that day beheld with his own eyes. These marvels shook his previous opinion touching the other matters; and, altogether, the effect was to elevate the Bee-hunter to a height, that it really appeared dangerous to assail.

While Peter was thus shaken with doubts, and that too on a point on which he had hitherto stood as firm as a rock, there was another in the crowd, who noted the growing favour of le Bourdon with deep disgust. This man could hardly be termed a chief, though he possessed a malignant power that was often wielded to the discomfiture

of those who were. He went by the significant appellation of "The Weasel," a *sobriquet* that had been bestowed on him for some supposed resemblance to the little pilfering, prowling quadruped after which he was thus named. In person, and in physical qualities generally, this individual was mean and ill-favoured; and squalid habits contributed to render him even less attractive than he might otherwise have been. He was, moreover, particularly addicted to intemperance; lying, wallowing like a hog, for days at a time, whenever his tribe received any of the ample contribution of fire-water, which it was then more the custom than it is to-day, to send among the aborigines. A warrior of no renown, a hunter so indifferent as to compel his squaw and pappooses often to beg for food in strange lodges, of mean presence, and a drunkard, it may seem extraordinary that The Weasel should possess any influence amid so many chiefs renowned for courage, wisdom, deeds in arms, on the hunt, and for services around the council-fire. It was all due to his tongue. Ungque, or The Weasel, was eloquent in a high

degree, possessing that variety of his art which most addresses itself to the passions; and, strange as it may seem, men are oftener and more easily led by those who do little else than promise, than by those who actually perform. A lying and fluent tongue becomes a power of itself, with the masses; subverting reason, looking down justice, browbeating truth, and otherwise placing the wrong before the right. This quality The Weasel possessed in a high degree, and was ever willing to use, on occasions that seemed most likely to defeat the wishes of those he hated. Among the last was Peter, whose known ascendancy in his own particular tribe had been a source of great envy and uneasiness to this Indian. He had struggled hard to resist it, and had even dared to speak in favour of the pale-faces, and in opposition to the plan of cutting them all off, purely with a disposition to oppose this mysterious stranger. It had been in vain, however; the current running the other way, and the fiery eloquence of Peter proving too strong even for him. Now, to his surprise, from a few words dropped casually,

this man ascertained that their greatest leader was disposed so far to relent, as not to destroy *all* the pale-faces in his power. Whom, and how many he meant to spare, Ungque could not tell; but his quick, practised discernment detected the general disposition, and his ruthless tendency to oppose, caused him to cast about for the means of resisting this sudden inclination to show mercy. With The Weasel, the moving principle was ever that of the demagogue; it was to flatter the mass that he might lead it; and he had an innate hostility to whatever was frank, manly, and noble.

The time had now come when the Indians wished to be alone. At this council it was their intention to come to an important decision; and even the "young men," unless chiefs, were to be merely distant spectators. Peter sent for le Bourdon, accordingly, and communicated his wish that all the whites would return to the castle, whither he promised to join them about the setting of the sun, or early the succeeding day.

"One of you, you know—dat my wigwam,"

said the grim chief, smiling on Margery with a friendly eye, and shaking hands with the Bee-hunter, who thought his manner less constrained than on former similar occasions. "Get good supper for ole Injin, young squaw—dat juss what squaw good for."

Margery laughingly promised to remember his injunction, and went her way, closely attended by her lover. The corporal followed, armed to the teeth, and keeping at just such a distance from the young people, as might enable them to converse without being overheard. As for the missionary, he was detained a moment by Peter, the others moving slowly, in order to permit him to come up, ere they had gone their first mile. Of course, the mysterious chief had not detained Parson Amen without a motive.

"My brother has told me many curious things," said Peter, when alone with the missionary, and speaking now in the language of the Ojebways—"many very curious things. I like to listen to them. Once he told me how the pale-face young men take their squaws."

"I remember to have told you this. We ask the Great Spirit to bless our marriages, and the ceremony is commonly performed by a priest. This is our practice, Peter; though not necessary, I think it good."

"Yes; good alway for pale-face to do pale-face fashion, and for Injin to do Injin fashion. Don't want medicine-man to get red-skin squaw. Open wigwam door, and she come in. Dat 'nough. If she don't wish to come in, can't make her. Squaw go to warrior she likes; warrior ask squaw he likes. But it is best for pale-face to take his wife, in pale-face fashion. Does not my brother see a young man of his people, and a young maiden, that he had better bring together and bless?"

"You must mean Bourdon and Margery," answered the missionary, in English, after a moment's reflection. "The idea is a new one to me; for my mind has been much occupied of late with other and more important matters; though I now plainly see what you mean!"

"That flower of the Openings would soon fade,

if the young Bee-hunter should leave it alone on the prairies. This is the will of the Great Spirit. He puts it into the minds of the young squaws to see all things well that the hunters of their fancy do. Why he has made the young with this kindness for each other, perhaps my brother knows. He is wise, and has books. The poor Injins have none. They can see only with the eyes they got from Injins, like themselves. But one thing they know. What the Great Spirit has commanded, it is good. Injins can't make it any better. They can do it harm, but they can do it no good. Let my brother bless the couple that the Manitou has brought together."

"I believe I understand you, Peter, and will think of this. And now that I must leave you for a little while, let me beg you to think of this matter of the origin of your tribes, candidly, and with care. Everything depends on your people's not mistaking the truth, in this great matter. It is as necessary for a nation to know its duties, as for a single man. Promise me to think of this, Peter."

"My brother's words have come into my ears —they are good," returned the Indian, courteously. "We will think of them at the council, if my brother will bless his young man and young maiden, according to the law of his people."

"I will promise to do this, Peter; or to urge Bourdon and Margery to do it if you will promise to speak to-day, in council, of the history of your forefathers, and to take into consideration, once more, the great question of your being Hebrews."

"I will speak as my brother wishes—let him do as I wish. Let him tell me that I can say to the chiefs before the sun has fallen the length of my arm, that the young pale-face Bee-hunter has taken the young pale-face squaw into his wigwam."

"I do not understand your motive, Peter; but that which you ask is wise, and according to God's law, and it shall be done. Fare you well, then, for a season. When we again meet, Bourdon and Margery shall be one, if my persuasions can prevail, and you will have pressed this matter of the

lost tribes, again, home to your people. Fare you well, Peter; fare you well."

They separated; the Indian with a cold smile of courtesy, but with his ruthless intentions as respected the missionary in no degree changed. Boden and Margery alone were exempt from vengeance, according to his present designs. An unaccountable gentleness of feeling governed him, as connected with the girl; while superstition, and the dread of an unknown power, had its full influence on his determination to spare her lover. There might be some faint ray of human feeling glimmering among the fierce fires that so steadily burned in the breast of this savage; but they were so much eclipsed by the brighter light that gleamed around them, as to be barely perceptible, even to himself. The result of all these passions was, a determination in Peter to spare those whom he had advised the missionary to unite, making that union a mysterious argument in favour of Margery, and to sacrifice all the rest. The red American is so much accustomed to this species of ruthless proceeding, that the anguish he

might occasion the very beings to whom he now wished to be merciful, gave the stern chief very little concern. Leaving the Indians in the exclusive possession of Prairie Round, we will return to the rest of the party.

The missionary hastened after his friends as fast as he could go. Boden and Margery had much to say to each other in that walk, which had a great deal about it to bring their thoughts within the circle of their own existence. As has been said, the fire had run through that region late, and the grasses were still young, offering but little impediment to their movements. As the day was now near its heat, le Bourdon led his spirited, but gentle companion, through the groves, where they had the benefit of a most delicious shade, a relief that was now getting to be very grateful. Twice had they stopped to drink, at cool, clear springs, in which the water seemed to vie with the air in transparency. As this is not the general character of the water of that region, though marked exceptions exist, Margery insisted that the water was eastern and not western water.

"Why do we always think the things we had in childhood better than those we enjoy afterwards;" asked Margery, after making one of these comparisons, somewhat to the disadvantage of the part of the country in which she then was. "I can scarce ever think of home—what I call home, and which was so long a home to me—without shedding tears. Nothing here seems as good of its kind as what I have left behind me. Do you have the same longings for Pennsylvania, that I feel for the sea-coast and for the rocks about Quincy?"

"Sometimes. When I have been quite alone for two or three months, I have fancied that an apple, or a potato, or even a glass of the cider that came from the spot where I was born, would be sweeter than all the honey bees ever gathered in Michigan."

"To me it has always seemed strange, Bourdon, that one of your kind feelings should ever wish to live alone, at all; yet I have heard you say that a love of solitude first drew you to your trade."

"It is these strong cases which get a man under, as it might be, and almost alter his nature. One man will pass his days in hunting deer; another in catching fish; my taste has been for the bees, and for such chances with other creatures as may offer. What between hunting, and hiving, and getting the honey to market, I have very little time to long for company. But my taste is altering, Margery; *has* altered."

The girl blushed; but she also smiled, and, moreover, she looked pleased.

"I am afraid that you are not as much altered as you think," she answered, laughingly, however. "It may seem so *now;* but when you come to *live* in the settlements, again, you will get tired of crowds."

"Then I will come with you, Margery, into these Openings, and we can live *together* here, surely, as well, or far better than I can live here *alone.* You and Gershom's wife have spoiled my housekeeping. I really did not know until you came up here, how much a woman can do in *chiente!*"

"Why, Bourdon, you have lived long enough in the settlements to know *that?*"

"That is true; but I look upon the settlements as one thing, and on the Openings as another. What will do there isn't needed here; and what will do here won't answer there. But these last few days have so changed Castle Meal, that I hardly know it myself."

"Perhaps the change is for the worse, and you wish it undone, Bourdon," observed the girl, in the longing she had to hear an assurance to the contrary, at the very moment she felt certain that assurance would be given.

"No, no, Margery. Woman has taken possession of my cabin, and woman shall now always command there, unless you alter your mind, and refuse to have me. I shall speak to the missionary to marry us, as soon as I can get him alone. His mind is running so much on the Jews, that he has hardly a moment left for us Christians."

The colour on Margery's cheek was not lessened by this declaration; though, to admit the truth, she looked none the less pleased. She was a

warm-hearted and generous girl, and sometimes hesitated about separating herself and her fortunes from those of Gershom and Dorothy; but the Bee-hunter had persuaded her this would be unnecessary, though she did accept him for a husband. The point had been settled between them on previous occasions, and much conversation had already passed, in that very walk, which was confined to that interesting subject. But Margery was not now disposed to say more, and she adroitly improved the hint thrown out by Boden, to change the discourse.

"It is the strangest notion I ever heard of," she cried, laughing, "to believe Injins to be Jews!"

"He tells me he is by no means the first who has fancied it. Many writers have said as much before him, and all he claims is, to have been among them, and to have seen these Hebrews with his own eyes. But here he comes, and can answer for himself."

Just as this was said, Parson Amen joined the party, Corporal Flint closing to the front, as deli-

cacy no longer required him to act as a rear-guard. The good missionary came up a little heated; and, in order that he might have time to cool himself, the rate of movement was slightly reduced. In the meantime the conversation did not the less proceed.

"We were talking of the lost tribes," said Margery, half smiling as she spoke, "and of your idea, Mr. Amen, that these Injins are Jews. It seems strange to me that they should have lost so much of their ancient ways, and notions, and appearances, if they are really the people you think."

"Lost! It is rather wonderful that, after the lapse of two thousand years and more, so much should remain. Whichever way I look, signs of these people's origin beset me. You have read your Bible, Margery—which I am sorry to say all on this frontier have not—but *you* have read your Bible, and one can make an allusion to *you* with some satisfaction. Now, let me ask you if you remember such a thing as the scape-goat of the ancient Jews. It is to be found in Leviticus, and

is one of those mysterious customs with which that extraordinary book is full."

"Leviticus is a book I never read but once, for we do not read it in our New England schools. But I do remember that the Jews were commanded to let one of two goats go, from which practice it has, I believe, been called a scape-goat."

"Well," said le Bourdon, simply, "what a thing is 'l'arnin'! Now, this is all news to me, though I have *heard* of 'scape-goats,' and *talked* of 'scape-goats' a thousand times! There's a meanin' to everything, I find; and I do not look upon this idee of the lost tribes as half as strange as I *did* before I l'arnt this!"

Margery had not fallen in love with the Bee-hunter for his biblical knowledge, else might her greater information have received a rude shock by this mark of simplicity; but instead of dwelling on this proof of le Bourdon's want of "schooling," her active mind was more disposed to push the allusion to scape-goats to some useful conclusion.

"And what of the goat, Mr. Amen?" she asked: "and how can it belong to anything here?"

"Why were all those goats turned into the woods and deserts, in the olden time, Margery? Doubtless to provide food for the ten tribes, when these should be driven forth by conquerors and hard task-masters. Time, and climate, and a difference of food, has altered them, as they have changed the Jews, themselves, though they still retain the cleft hoof, the horns, the habits, and the general characteristics of the goats of Arabia. Yes; naturalists will find, in the end, that the varieties of the deer of this continent, particularly the antelope, are nothing but the scape-goats of the ancient world, altered, and perhaps improved by circumstances.

As this was much the highest flight the good missionary had ever yet taken, not trifling was the astonishment of his young friends, thereat. Touching the Jews, le Bourdon did not pretend to, or in fact did not possess much knowledge: but, when the question was reduced down to one of venison, or bears' meat, or bisons' humps, with

the exception of the professed hunters and trappers, few knew more about them all than he did himself. That the deer, or even the antelopes of America ever had been goats, he did not believe; nor was he at all backward in letting his dissent to such a theory be known.

"I'm sorry, Parson Amen, you've brought in the deer," he cried. "Had you stuck to the Jews, I might have believed all that you fancy, in this business; but the deer have spoiled all. As for scape-goats, since Margery seems to agree with you, I suppose you are right about *them*, though my notion of such creatures has been to keep clear of them, instead of following them up, as you seem to think these Hebrews have done. But if you are no nearer right in your doctrine about the Injins, then you are about their game, you'll have to change your religion."

"Do not think that my religion depends on any thread so slight, Bourdon. A man may be mistaken in interpreting prophecy, and still be a devout Christian. There are more reasons than you may at first suppose, for believing in this

theory of the gradual change of the goat into the deer, and especially into the antelope. We do not any of us believe that Noah had with him, in the ark, all the animals that are now to be found, but merely the parent-stems, in each particular case, which would be reducing the number many fold. If all men came from Adam, Bourdon, why could not all deer come from goats?"

"Why, this matter about men has a good deal puzzled me, Parson, and I hardly know what answer to give. Still, men are men, wherever you find them. They may be lighter or darker, taller or shorter, with hair or wool, and yet you can see they are *men*. Perhaps food, and climate, and manner of living, may have made all the changes we see in them; but Lord, Parson, a goat has a beard!"

"What has become of the thousands of scape-goats that the ancient Hebrews must have turned loose in the wilderness? Answer me that, Bourdon?"

"You might as well ask me, sir, what has become of the thousands of Hebrews who turned

them loose. I suppose all must be dead a thousand years ago. Scape-goats are creatures that even Injins would not like."

"All this is a great mystery, Bourdon — a much greater mystery than our friend Peter, whom you have so often said was a man so unaccountable. By the way, he has given me a charge to perform an office between you and Margery, that I had almost forgotten. From what he said to me, I rather think it may have some connexion with our safety. We have enemies among these savages, I feel very certain; though I believe we have also warm friends."

"But what have you in charge that has anything to do with Bourdon and me?" asked the wondering Margery; who was quick to observe the connexion, though utterly at a loss to comprehend it.

The missionary now called a halt, and finding convenient seats, he gradually opened the subject with which he had been charged by Peter, to his companions. The reader is probably prepared to learn that there was no longer any reserve be-

tween le Bourdon and Margery, on the subject of their future marriage. The young man had already pressed an immediate union, as the wisest and safest course to be pursued. Although the savage American is little addicted to abusing his power over female captives, and seldom takes into his lodge an unwilling squaw, the Bee-hunter had experienced a good deal of uneasiness on the score of what might befall his betrothed. Margery was sufficiently beautiful to attract attention, even in a town; and more than one fierce-looking warrior had betrayed his admiration that very day, though it was in a very Indian-like fashion. Rhapsody, and gallant speeches, and sonnets, form no part of Indian courtship; but the language of admiration is so very universal, through the eyes, that it is sufficiently easy of comprehension. It was possible that some chief, whose band was too formidable to be opposed, might take it into his head to wish to see a pale-face squaw in his wigwam; and, while it was not usual to do much violence to a female's inclinations on such occasions, it was not common to offer much

opposition to those of a powerful warrior. The married tie, if it could be said to exist at all, however, was much respected; and it was far less likely that Margery, a wife, would thus be appropriated, than Margery, unmarried. It is true, cases of an unscrupulous exercise of power are to be found among Indians, as well as among civilized men, but they are rare, and usually are much condemned.

The Bee-hunter, consequently, was well-disposed to second Peter's project. As for Margery herself, she had half yielded all her objections to her lover's unaided arguments, and was partly conquered before this reinforcement was brought into the field against her. Peter's motive was much canvassed, no one of them all being able to penetrate it. Boden, however, had his private opinion on the subject, nor was it so very much out of the way. He fancied that the mysterious chief was well disposed to Margery, and wished to put her as far as possible beyond the chances of an Indian wigwam: marriage being the step of all others most likely to afford her this protection.

Now this was not exactly true, but it was right enough in the main. Peter's aim was to save the life of the girl; her gentle attractions, and kind attentions to himself having wrought this much in her favour; and he believed no means of doing so, as certain as forming a close connection for her with the great medicine Bee-hunter. Judging of them by himself, he did not think the Indians would dare to include so great a conjurer in their schemes of vengeance, and was willing himself that le Bourdon should escape, provided Margery could go free and unarmed with him. As for the Bee-hunter's powers, he had many misgivings; they might be dangerous to the red men, and they might not. On this subject, he was in the painful doubts of ignorance, and had the wide area of conjecture open before his mind. He saw; but it was "as in a glass, darkly."

Margery was disposed to delay the ceremony, at least until her brother and sister might be present. But to this le Bourdon himself was not much inclined. It had struck him that Gershom

was opposed to an early marriage, most probably because he fancied himself more secure of the Bee-hunter's ingenious and important aid in getting back to the settlements, so long as this strong inducement existed to cling to himself, than if he should release his own hold of Margery, by giving her at once to her lover. Right or wrong, such was the impression taken up by le Bourdon, and he was glad when the missionary urged his request to be permitted to pronounce the nuptial benediction on the spot.

Little ceremony is generally used in an American marriage. In a vast many cases no clergyman is employed at all; and where there is, most of the sects have no ring, no giving away, nor any of those observances which were practised in the churches of old. There existed no impediment, therefore; and after a decent interval spent in persuasions, Margery consented to plight her vows to the man of her heart before they left the spot. She would fain have had Dorothy present, for woman loves to lean on her own sex on such occasions, but submitted to the necessity of pro-

ceeding at once, as the Bee-hunter and the missionary chose to term it.

A better altar could not have been selected in all that vast region. It was one of nature's own erecting; and le Bourdon and his pretty bride placed themselves before it, with feelings suited to the solemnity of the occasion. The good missionary stood within the shade of a burr oak, in the centre of those park-like Openings, every object looking fresh, and smiling, and beautiful. The sward was green, and short as that of a well-tended lawn; the flowers were, like the bride herself, soft, modest, and sweet; while charming rural vistas stretched through the trees, much as if art had been summoned in aid of the great mistress who designed the landscape. When the parties knelt in prayer, which all present did, not excepting the worthy corporal, it was on the verdant ground, with first the branches of the trees, and then the deep, fathomless vault of heaven for a canopy. In this manner was the marriage benediction pronounced on the Bee-hunter and Margery Waring, in the venerable

Oak Openings. No Gothic structure, with its fretted aisles and clustered columns, could have been one-half as appropriate for the union of such a couple.

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